TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

FOUNDED IN 1836 — TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1923 — EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR — NO. 10

SAYS GASOLINE PRICE MAY GO TO $1 GALLON

LaFollette Senate Committee Reports That Public Is at Mercy of Standard Oil Companies.

...gallon for gasoline" ...up for the con... ...of the LaFol... ...committee to ...means are taken ...report declares ...domination and ...industry by the

...companies are ...manipulate prices," ...years as they ...since 1920, the re... ...people of the ...prepared "be... "at least" ...three months' in... ...conditions in the industry, ...the standard ...violation of the 1911 ...of the supreme ...alleged control ...to fix "the price ...of crude oil ...the price which ...for his gasoline ...as the retail

At Mercy of Standard.

...asserting that the "more subtle" ...such control placed the ...and the public even "more ...the mercy of the ...interests" than before ...decree dissolving ...of New Jersey, ...found that "with slight ...still is a total ...competition of market... ...companies. Not ...is there still a division of mar... ...territory among them over the ...country, the report said, but ...of the leading Standard com... ...New Jersey and New York—...the world between themselves ...marketing operations.

...other methods of controls set ...the report are ownership by ...Standard companies of the prin... ...pipe lines, interlocking a stock ...ownership, fixing of prices in the ...producing fields, and ownership of ...patents for the cracking ...process of gasoline production.

Curb Measures Urged.

Among eight measures recommended by the committee to curb evils found are establishment of uniform accounting system for oil companies, to show costs and profits; compulsory monthly reporting to a government agency to show particulars of the quantities of crude oil and products in storage and transportation; divorcemen of the ownership of pipe lines from companies transporting the oil; and prohibition of the exportation of petroleum.

Investigation looking to contempt proceedings before the supreme court in all cases of "implied" or expressed agreement to fix prices arbitrarily or restrain transportation is recommended as was institution of grand jury proceedings wherever price manipulation is attempted.

Prediction Called Ridiculous.

W. C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, made the following statement in reference to the charges of the LaFollette oil investigating committee:

"The findings of fact made by the committee, in so far as they touch my company, directly or inferentially, are wholly without foundation in truth and without support in the record. Practically the only references made to the Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) during the hearings were in my own testimony under oath in the course of which I detailed fully and frankly this company's position in the oil industry as to its profits, practices and poli...

"The sub-committee's prediction of ...gasoline is ridiculous. As to ...indistinguishable increase in the ...of gasoline, I will say that the ...availability of industrial alcohol, ...and other substitute motor ...at moderate prices fix a limit ...which the price of gasoline ...must rise."

High Court Moves to Dublin Castle

Dublin Castle is being refurbished for occupancy by the courts and offices of the high court of justice which, since the destruction of the Four Courts, have been carrying on at great inconvenience at the Kings Inns.

The great state rooms of the castle are being turned into courts.

Blue Theory Old Among Alaskans

Eskimos of Alaska have practiced Coneism for hundreds of years, say Mrs. Vashta Dalton, explorer and writer, who is in Seattle after 17 years in the Far North. Instead of reciting the "day by day in every way" formula, Eskimos chant "The song of the deathless voices," says Mrs. Dalton.

Electricity to Ring Notre Dame's Bells

The old bell towers of Notre Dame immortalized by Victor Hugo in his story of the hunchback Quasimodo, were violated by modern science when electricians arrived to install apparatus to ring the famous "Boudon" and other bells by electricity.

People of the present generation in Paris who love the cathedral's unheard bells only in the romance of Hugo will in a few days hear all being rung, not by the deaf hunchback who loved the beautiful Esmeralda, but by the electricity.

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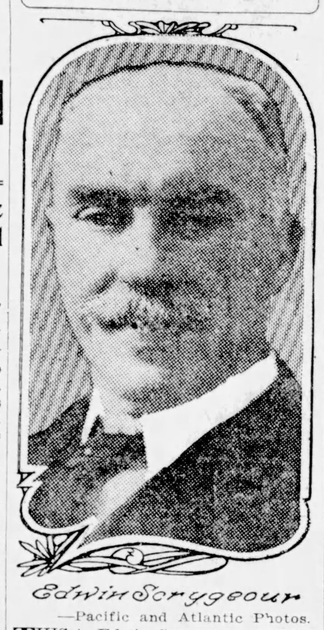
Would Dry Up England



Edwin Scrygeour

—Pacific and Atlantic Photos.

THIS is Edwin Scrygeour, prohibition member from Dundee, England, in the house of commons who has introduced a total prohibition bill. It is the first time in history that the British house will have an opportunity to discuss a total prohibition bill.

BOURKE COCKRAN DIES SUDDENLY

New York Congressman Is Stricken Following Speech in House.

Representative W. Bourke Cockran, Democrat, New York, died suddenly on March 1.

His death came as an immediate result of a stroke of apaplexy, it was said at his home in Washington.

Mr. Cockran, who celebrated his 69th birthday became ill after he was on the floor of the house last week and made a spirited speech in opposition to the pending farm credits bill.

A native of Ireland, educated in France and the United States, and active for many years in the legal profession and in politics, Mr. Cockran was one of the picturesque forces in American public life. He was an orator of the old school, endowed with a remarkable voice and with a delivery and diction that long ago won him a place among the most eloquent orators of the country.

Tammany Hall Worker.

In politics Mr. Cockran was a wheelhorse of Tammany Hall, whose battles he fought in New York and elsewhere on many occasions. At the last Democratic national convention in San Francisco he made the speech nominating Governor Al Smith for the presidency, an oratorical effort which carried the convention into a prolonged demonstration savoring of old time "revival meeting" politics. He also addressed the convention in favor of a plank indorsing the manufacture of light wines and beer.

In recent years he had devoted much attention to the fight for Irish freedom, appearing before congressional commissions and on the public platform prior to organization of the Free State to plead for American recognition of the Irish republic. On these occasions his eloquence was at its best as he recounted from personal observation the privations of the poorer class in Ireland from which he sprung.

Elected In 1887.

Mr. Cockran first was elected to the house of representatives for a term in 1887. He came back in 1891 for two more terms but in 1896 he declined to follow the free silver banner of William Jennings Bryan, broke with his national party organization and left congress. He returned to the party in 1900, when he campaigned for Bryan, and in 1904 he was again elected to the house. This time he remained there for five years, at the end of which time he declined to become a candidate for re-election. In 1920, however, he again yielded to the lure of the parliamentary give-and-take he loved so well and was again elected to a seat in the house. He was re-elected last November.

Allows Jap Prince to Set Precedent

For the first time in history an imperial prince of Japan is to enter one of the imperial universities, to which students of all rank are eligible. The emperor has granted permission for Prince Fujimaro Yamashina, third son of Prince Kikumaro Yamashina, to become a student at the Imperial University of Tokio. The young prince will specialize in the study of literature.

Hitherto it has been the custom of imperial princes to enter either naval or military institutions. The case of Prince Yamashina, however, will be taken as a precedent and similar permission will be granted all princes who in the future want to enter universities.

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Liquor Is Found on Scripps' Yacht

The Yacht Ohio, owned by E. W. Scripps, publisher, of San Diego Calif., was searched by customs officers who said they found 168 bottles of liquor aboard. No arrests were made.

The yacht is on a voyage around the world. The liquor was taken aboard at Havana, several months ago, it was stated by its officers, who declared it had been legally declared in San Diego several days ago.

SOVIET SMILES ON CAPITALIST IN NEW GRANT

Concession of 36 Years on 55,000 Acres Granted to German Outfit; No Interference.

The recently ratified Krupp concession with the Soviet government giving the German concern 65,000 acres in southern Russia to exploit in an agricultural enterprise, shows that the Bolshevists have yielded further to the hated capitalists in order to obtain foreign assistance in developing the resources of Russia.

Hitherto the Bolshevists have insisted that concessions be exploited by mixed companies, in which the soviet state would have a large, if not controlling interest, but the Krupp concessions departs from that principle, the state holding no stock in the enterprise.

The state will receive in the first three years of the 36-year concession, 10 per cent of the products of the land, 15 per cent in the next three years, and then 17½ per cent for the remaining 30 years. At the end of that time, land, equipment and live stock become the property of the soviet government.

So long as the concession is in force, however, the little Krupp domain becomes virtually a state within a state, as the soviet government may not interfere with the measures of the company. The Krupps are permitted to engage foreigners for 50 per cent of the force and 75 per cent of the officials.

The tract, which is in the Don Cossack territories, is to be run as a model farm, the latest tractors and other mechanical farm equipment manufactured by the Krupp works, being used.

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VERDUN FOES ARE FRIENDLY IN RUHR AREA

French Captain Is Greeted by Former German Soldier, Waiter.

A French captain, having lunch in a Dusseldorf restaurant, noted that his waiter walked with a pronounced limp.

"Where did you get hurt" he asked.

"At Verdun, sir," replied the waiter, proudly, and unconsciously coming to attention. "I was before Verdun two months."

The captain became interested at once. A few more queries elicited the fact that the waiter, during seven days in March, 1916, had been in the German sector facing that held by the French captain's company. Trenches had disappeared and the men of both armies were hidden in shell holes, in some places less than 10 yards apart. The waiter had taken part in a furious assault on the captain's lines one day at dawn. The captain remembered the attack very well. Twenty-five per cent of his company had been killed, wounded or made prisoners.

"Let me get you some hot soup, sir," the waiter said, "this is growing cold. Those were great days," he said as he limped to the kitchen.

NEW BECOMES P. O. CHIEF AND WORK CHANGED

Indiana Senator Succeeds Hubert Work Who Takes Fall's Place in Harding Cabinet.

President Harding recently effected the greatest change his cabinet has undergone since his administration began nearly two years ago by designating Dr. Hubert Work of Colorado, now postmaster general, to be secretary of the interior to succeed Albert Fall of New Mexico, and Senator Harry S. New of Indiana to head the postoffice department in succession to Dr. Work.

The nominations of Dr. Work and Senator New were sent to the senate and promptly confirmed, that of Senator New almost immediately in open session, in accordance with the courtesy always extended sitting senators and that of Dr. Work late in the day, after it had been referred to committee in open session and reported back. The two took up their new duties March 5, when the resignation of Secretary Fall, announced several weeks ago, became effective. Senator New retired from the senate with the adjournment of congress.

Appointments Expected.

The selections made by the President were not unexpected as they were forecast two weeks or more ago. The President, upon receiving the resignation of Secretary Fall, who retires after two years in cabinet to take care of his private business interests, tendered to Secretary Hoover the interior portfolio, but the commerce secretary expressed a desire to continue at his present post in order to work out certain parts of the program of helpfulness to business that he has instituted.

The President, it is understood, then made up his mind to transfer Dr. Work, who became postmaster general last March after the retirement of Will H. Hays of Indiana, to the interior department because of his often expressed desire to have a western man at the head of this department which deals so largely with western interests.

Having thus decided to transfer Dr. Work the President turned toward selection of a man to head the postoffice department. Quite naturally he turned to Senator New, who was one of his closest friends in the senate and who since has been considered generally as close to the White House as any man in the senate.

Offered Cabinet Post.

Also Mr. Harding in making up his original cabinet, tendered Senator New a place, but the senator preferred to serve out the remainder of his term in the senate.

No sooner had reports become current that the President was considering Senator New than opposition arose in the senator's own state. Representative Will R. Wood of Indiana, who is chairman of the Republican congressional committee, announced he intended to oppose and did oppose in a conference with the President the selection of Senator New, declaring that the senator was defeated for renomination in the state primary last year by former Senator Albert J. Beveridge and as a consequence should "take his medicine."

Make Changes in Cabinet

Harry S. New — Hubert Work

—Copyright, Pacific and Atlantic Photos.

SENATOR HARRY S. NEW of Indiana, defeated in the 1922 election for another term, is the new postmaster general in President Harding's cabinet. He succeeds Dr. Hubert Work who took over the portfolio of the interior department to succeed Albert Fall, whose resignation went into effect on March 4.

VACATION GIVEN TO RUHR MINERS

Means Coal Output Cut of 50 Per Cent, It Is Conceded by French.

Fifty per cent of the miners in the Ruhr valley are to be given a vacation on full pay in March and the others are to be granted leave in April on the same terms, according to word received by the French.

By that means the German mine directors will further their campaign of obstruction to the Franco-Belgian occupational authorities as it is conceded that such vacations would reduce the present production of the Ruhr mines approximately one-half, or to about one-fourth of normal.

There are 560,000 miners in the Ruhr.

French official estimates place the reduction in the output already, at from 50 to 60 per cent of normal, as the miners have been working seven hours a day instead of eight as formerly, and many are employed in repair work and odd jobs around the mines instead of actually producing coal.

According to French estimates there are from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons of coal above ground at the pitheads.

French intelligence officers have seized instructions to the workers, encouraging them to stick to the fight against the occupation and bidding them obey no French orders. The latest propaganda by the Berlin government is believed to have resulted in increased determination to maintain resistance and to have stimulated sabotage. For example, 125 wires of the Rhine telegraph and telephone service were cut at Duesseldorf. The wires were in a cable which had just been repaired after being cut a fortnight ago. The cable runs up and down the Rhine and has an extension to Berlin.

"Laddie Boy" Envoy to Animal League

"Laddie Boy," pet of the White House, took a hand at helping his "unfortunate brethren" when he visited a benefit bridge party given in Washington by the Animal Rescue league. Pinned on his collar was this note, bearing the White House gold crest:

"My mistress sends me to do what I can to help my unfortunate brethren." Laddie Boy shook hands with those present and went back to the White House, conveying—on his neck—a note of thanks to Mrs. Harding from the league.

Says Berlin Woman Holds Theft Record

Shoplifters who flew high socially and accumulated a comfortable fortune as well, were placed on trial in Berlin after more than a year's investigation. A high federal official, Herr Morvilius, is said to be involved in the activities of the gang.

The prosecutor dubbed the leading spirit in the gang, Frau Roeber, the mother-in-law of Morvilius, "the world's greatest shoplifter." He said that more than 3,000 important robberies had been traced to her in the last decade, one for each business day.

The woman disclaimed the title. She said that her sister, now in jail in Holland, was entitled to the record. Her defense is kleptomania, but her business-like system of disposing of the loot weakens the plea.

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SENATE REPORT CLEARS ARMY

Illegal Execution Charge Is Declared to Be Unfounded.

The sensational chapter of senate history revolving around a charge by the late Senator Watson, Democrat, Georgia, that American soldiers were executed without trial in France, was closed when the committee appointed to investigate, reported unanimously that it had found the charges unfounded.

The committee's findings were embodied in one of the briefest reports ever submitted by an investigating body. It was scarcely a dozen lines in length and merely said that in pursuance to the order of the senate, the committee had inquired into the allegations of Senator Watson, and had determined that they were "not sustained by the testimony."

All of the committee members affixed their signatures. Brandegee, Connecticut; Willis, Ohio, and Ernst, Kentucky, Republicans, and Overman, North Carolina, and Shields.

In a special report, Senator Ernst reported as unfounded the charge that Major L. Opie of Virginia had shot his orderly.

HARVEY REFUTES BALFOUR'S NOTE

Denies Britain Guaranteed Loans United States Made to Allies.

Ambassador Harvey's assertion that Great Britain had not been asked to guarantee "the payment of a single dollar loaned by the United States for the use of any country other than Great Britain herself," stood out last week as one of the noteworthy utterances of his address at the Pilgrim dinner.

Colonel Harvey quoted from the Balfour note of last August the phrase:

"Under the agreement arrived at the United States insisted, in substance if not in form, that though our allies were to spend the money it was only on our security that they were prepared to lend it."

The ambassador said that he did not doubt but that the British government would with equal formality and no less explicitness remove the misapprehension created by this unfortunate allusion.

The dinner was given in honor of Stanley Baldwin, chancellor of the exchequer, who headed the recent financial mission to Washington.

Mr. Harvey said that the United States did not intend to ruin the credit of any other country by canceling its debts.

Recalling the conditions under which the British debt had been incurred, he said that 90 per cent of the 60,000,000 persons in the United States who contributed to the great war loans were of British descent. This fact, he said, surely implied that if the Americans had thought they were aiding exclusively, although indirectly, the other allies through the British government, the money could not have been raised.

Jim Jeffries Files Bankrupt Petition

James J. Jeffries, former heavyworld, through his attorney has filed a voluntary petition in the United States district court.

Jeffries listed his liabilities at $292,183 and his assets as $130,950, including real estate valued at $124,500.

His secured claims were given as $88,266; unsecured claims $96,000; notes and bills "which ought to be paid by other persons," $95,766, and accommodation paper $10,000.

The petition stated Jeffries recently had acquired a large farm near Burbank, a suburb of Los Angeles, on which he was making his home.

Seizure of Power Planned by Greek

Labros A. Coromilas, former Greek minister to the United States, has announced that he will form a new political party with a view to assuming the reins of government and punishing those whom he believes responsible for the execution of the former cabinet members and army officers. General Hadjanestis, one of those executed, was a brother of Coromilas. The brothers took different names for family considerations. Coromilas has had a rather distinguished diplomatic career.

Pedicabs to Take Place of Rickshaws

To improve Shanghai's manpower transportation and to supplant the 12,000 odd rickshaws in service in the international settlement an English company has proposed to the municipal council to place pedicabs in service. The vehicles, like rickshaws, are propelled by man power, but instead of being pulled by running coolies they are pedalled by the worker who is seated behind his fare. While the municipal council was unwilling to grant a monopoly it expressed a willingness to permit the opbration of several hundred pedicabs as an experiment.

67TH CONGRESS ENDS 2 YEARS OF BUSY TERM

Much Good Legislation Is Passed; Sets Unique Record by Holding Four Sessions.

At noon on March 4 the sixty-seventh congress of the United States came to an end.

In some respects it has been the most remarkable in history.

It is the only congress which held four sessions. It has broken all legislative records by sitting a total of 624 days out of a possible 730 in two years.

It abolished free seeds, which for decades had cost $360,000 annually.

The Republicans, with a majority of 168 members in the house and 22 in the senate, controlled by a wider margin than any party ever had before.

President Harding convened this congress in extraordinary session April 11, 1921. That session continued 227 days, adjourning Nov. 23, 1921. The regular session convened 11 days later and continued 292 days till Sept. 22, 1922. The President convened another extraordinary session Nov. 20, 1922, which continued 15 days, when the second regular session assembled.

Much Beneficial Legislation.

Despite its many sins of omission and commission the sixty-seventh congress has enacted a vast amount of beneficial legislation.

In the first extraordinary session it enacted the Fordney revenue bill, reducing and equalizing federal taxes, and established the budget system.

In the first regular session it passed the Fordney-McCumber tariff, protecting American industries from foreign competition and increasing government revenues more than $400,000,000 a year.

President Harding vetoed two important measures passed by this congress—the McCumber soldiers' bonus bill, which would have cost $4,000,000,000, and the Bursum pension bill, which would have increased Civil war pensions $100,000,000.

The attempt to impeach Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty, the effort to unseat Representative Thomas L. Blanton of Texas for inserting obscene language in the Congresesional Record and the resignation of Senator Truman H. Newberry of Michigan are among spectacular episodes.

Numerous investigations also were conducted, including the following subjects: Escape of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, millionaire Philadelphia draft-dodger; Henry Ford's Muscle Shoals offer; the Ford-Newberry senatorial campaign expenditures; the Daugherty impeachment charges; the price of gasoline, and agricultural problems.

Death took many members of the sixty-seventh congress, cutting off in a short space Senators Philander C. Knox, Boise Penrose and William E. Crow of Pennsylvania, and Tom Watson of Georgia, and Representatives James R. Mann, Illinois; John M. Nolan and Henry Z. Osborne, California; Lemuel Padgett, Tennessee; Moses Kinkaid, Nebraska, and William E. Mason, Illinois.

President Harding's ship subsidy bill was killed by an organized filibuster in the senate after it had been passed by the house.

Amendments Are Blocked.

Not one of the numerous resolutions for submitting amendments to the constitution was passed by both branches.

Following are some of the most important bills enacted by the sixty-seventh congress:

Prohibiting exportation and importation of opium and cocaine and their derivatives and creating a federal narcotic control board.

Repealing the declaration of war and establishing peace with Germany, Austria and Hungary.

Regulating transactions on grain future exchanges.

Limiting alien immigration to three per cent of immigration quotas of foreign countries in 1910.

Prohibiting prescription of beer for medical purposes.

Authorizing funding of all foreign war debts.

Approving the British government's offer for funding the British war debt.

Petting Brings End to Famed Dog Team

The crack dog team which Arthur T. Walden of Wonalacet drove to victory in the international dog race in Berlin, N. H., last year is broken up, the result of too much petting. The huskies stood up under the hard going of the snow trails but when benched at a show in Boston they developed distemper and three of them had to be shot.

The troubles that beset his team, Walden says, were the results of their show experience. "It is the law of the wild that a husky will die or become distempered if he is housed. Men who knew told me that would happen to my team."

Don't Disturb Tut, Say Undertakers

The Associated Undertakers of Greater New York protested against exhumation of King Tutenkhamen.

Meeting to consider the activities of Egyptologists, the undertakers decided that the dead should be honored even 3,000 years after burial.

"The mummies in our museums have no business being there," declared Frank E. Campbell, head of the organization. "They should be restored to the tombs from which they were removed."

Montana Telephone Operator's Voice Makes Her Diva in Italy

Singing in Italy, the home of grand opera, under the professional name of Marie Montana, Miss Ruth Kellogg Waite, of Lewistown, Mont., has been scoring success after success in Milan.

Miss Waite's real name seemed difficult of pronunciation in Italian so she adopted the more euphonius "Marie Montana," in honor or her native state.

Miss Waite, after her triumph in Milan, where she had been singing for several months, made a short tour of the Rivera, opening in "La Boheme," in which she sang the principal role, Chivari, in Italian.

A letter from Miss Waite says she is soon to appear again in Milan to sing Gilda, in "Rigoletto."

Miss Waite is the daughter of Jack Waite of Butte, Mont., who was killed in Helena while doing duty as a United States marshal Feb. 18, 1902. She moved with her family to Lewistown, then only a "cow camp" on the plains shortly after the death of her father, at which time she was only a girl. She worked later as a telephone operator and had a hard struggle to get a musical education.

Sent to Hospital With Sun Stroke

Max Moore of San Francisco was taken to the emergency hospital there suffering from sunstroke. The hospital records disclosed that this was the first case of sun stroke occurring in February since the hospital began operations.

When the patient was prepared for bed attendants discovered he was wearing two suits of underwear.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

ANOTHER niche was chiseled in the hard granite of history when the sixty-seventh congress went out of existence. It died Sunday, after "picking at the covers" for a week.

One of the last things done was the passage of the bill for the extension of farm credits, thus enabling the farmer to go into debt, or to go in deeper if he is already in debt. This was the measure that found a divided cabinet. The President and a part of his official family were for it, but Mr. Mellon, secretary of the treasury, opposed the bill.

Another thing the congress, or the senate did at the last minute was to refuse to discuss President Harding's recommendation that the United States join the world court.

President Catches 'Em Napping.

Mr. Harding did not ask for the world court while the radical members of the senate were talking their heads half off in their effort to prevent the shipping bill from going to a vote. As soon as the fate of that bill was doomed the world court proposal was sent in. It caught everybody napping. The able statesmen had no thought of such a thing.

To avoid even a discussion of the proposal they fired a list of questions back at the state department. They expected this questionnaire would keep the President and his secretary of state busy until the senate was on its way. But not so. Friday a messenger hurried to the senate chamber from the White House with clear and comprehensive answers to all the questions. Responsibility fell back on the senate like a thousand of brick.

One member called it "a dirty trick." Maybe it was, provided one might call a quick response to a request a dirty trick. Anyway, the senate squirmed out of it. No action was taken.

Public Sentiment Divided.

The world court proposal has stimulated much comment. Naturally there is approval and condemnation. It is not customary for the American people to agree on political questions. They get along pretty well when discussing the weather. If it is extremely cold, extremely hot, extremely wet or extremely dry, opinion will come near being unanimous. That is because the temperature is not regulated by politics, or political parties. If it were you would find a lot of arguments to decide whether a hot day was hot or a cold day cold. A nice day would never be recognized by the opponents of the political party that happened to be in power.

Perhaps it is well that the suggestion of a world court is left to discussion while members of the senate are at home, or gallivanting around the world, as some of them purpose. The people can think it over, discuss it and quarrel about it, if they care for the subject.

Two Years in White House.

With the adjournment of congress President and Mrs. Harding end two years in the White House. The two years, they tell us, have sprinkled a little more white in the President's hair.

Mrs. Harding has been near death, but is on the way to full recovery. For this her gratitude goes up to God and to the American people. Mrs. Harding believes that the prayers of the people of the country had much to do with her recovery. Hers is the faith of the founders and preservers of the republic.

The two years of the Hardings in the White House have been pretty much what their friends believed they would be—that they would make of it a typical American home so far as possible under the exacting demands of the public.

Gains and Losses.

President Harding has won and lost during his two years in office, but the balance is in his favor. He has had his way about many things and in others he has been defeated. There have been disappointments, and always drudgery, but there have been bright days and many successes.

One unprejudiced and observing Washington correspondent says:

"Not continuously aggressive, although at times boldly stubborn, not so much given to command as inclined to compromise; not jumping at conclusions or indulging in experimental speculation but holding to landmarks 'safe and sane;' not one-man government, but the combined judgment of associated minds; the Harding leadership has had those characteristics."

There seems to be common agreement that in the field of foreign affairs the Harding administration has scored heavily. In domestic matters the President has not been so fortunate for good reasons. He has had much opposition, some of it partisan and to be expected, and some of it demagogic. There are ambitious men in the President's own party whose big idea has been to catch the public ear. Every President has this evil to annoy him.

VETS OBJECT TO TREATMENT

Pomerene Gets Letter in Which Hospital Work Is Criticized.

Senator Pomerene of Ohio is ready to turn over to a congressional investigating committee or any other official agency information that has come to him concerning treatment of World War veterans at a Marion, Ind., hospital.

If conditions at this hospital are any indication of those elsewhere Pomerene believes congress should order a rigid inquiry of the United States veterans' bureau, which has charge of hospitalization for World War veterans.

The Ohio senator's information is in a letter from George A. Beers, a druggist of Newcomerstown, O., who tells of alleged treatment of Charles Harrison, Newcomerstown, gassed and wounded in France.

Locked Up With Insane.

Beers, says Harrison, following a request for treatment, was sent, Jan. 1 to a government hospital at Marion, Ind., accompanied by Harry Dillehay, of New Philadelphia, O., a friend, and adds:

"In a few days Harrison began writing to his wife and Dillehay as to the intolerable conditions prevailing there and the treatment he was receiving. These letters were mailed surreptitiously as all mail was censored in the office. He was placed in a building with about 65 other men, many of whom were wholly insane and others afflicted with a dreadful disease in its worst form; that they were compelled to use the same toilet facilities, were shaved with the same razor, and that at night he was compelled to sleep on a cot between two men who were violently insane; that he received no medical attention of any kind and that all his protests at such treatment came to naught.

No Lights During Night.

"He says he was locked in the room at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and compelled to remain there until the next morning without light of any kind or books or magazines to read; that there were constant reports of men being flogged and cruelly treated for infraction of the rules; that he became acquainted with a man from Knoxville, Tenn., who left University of Tennessee and came, of his own accord, to Marion for treatment; that this man told him he had received no treatment of a medical nature, although he had been there more than 60 days; that he was not allowed to communicate with his family except as his mail was censored. The man's disability card stated he had incipient tuberculosis and adhesions of the stomach; no mention of mental disorder, yet he was locked up at night with the insane ones the same as Harrison. Dillehay brought Harrison home with him Sunday and had quite a time getting his discharge from the institution.

"I am convinced," the letter concludes, "that conditions are deplorable and want to know how to proceed to get quick action to end this frightful treatment of these poor unfortunates."

The Marion hospital is owned and operated by the government. Before it was taken over by the veterans' bureau three years ago it was a national home and hospital for Civil War veterans. The buildings are all of permanent construction. The cases assigned to it now for treatment are those of World War veterans suffering from nervous and mental diseases.

Alaska Oil Reserve Is Held for Navy

President Harding, by executive order, has set aside an area of more than 35,000 square miles in the northwest section of Alaska as an oil reserve to insure fuel for the navy. The naval reserve will exceed by 20,000,000 acres the combined area of the three other reserves, one in Wyoming and two in California.

The new reserve adjoins the corner of Alaska between Icy Cape and Cape Barrow, and is bounded by the Arctic ocean on the north and west, and the Endicott mountains and the Colville river on the south and east. It is for the most part flat, grassy tundra, devoid of vegetation, sparsely populated and entirely within the Arctic circle.

For years oil seepage has been found all along the coast. How much oil the reserve will produce is not yet known, as no government surveys have been made.

Sons of Nobleman Have "X-Ray Eyes"

Two sons of a Spanish nobleman are gifted with "X-Ray eyes," says an article in the Madrid Imparcial, quoted by the Daily Mail. Tests have shown that the youths' abnormal vision enables them to read through silver, brass, or iron, but they cannot see through porcelain or paper.

Spanish Seeks Air Fleet

The war department of Spain is now going over bids for furnishing 70 fighting, scouting and bombing airplanes to the Spanish army.

Why Druggists Recommend Swamp-Root

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Advertisement

Youngest Co-Ed Three Years Old

Three years old, and she's been a year in college! Guess that entitles Gwendolyn Ruth McCannon of Des Moines, Ia., to the undisputed title of youngest co-ed in the United States.

Here's how it happened: Mr. and Mrs. McCannon decided they wanted college educations, and entered Drake university. Then along came Ruth. Could they attend classes and leave the baby at home? They couldn't.

So Ruth attends morning classes with her father at the Bible college, and afternoon classes with her mother at the college of liberal arts while her dad, called "The Flying Parson" for his sprinting ability, is leading the track team, of which he is captain.

MODEST YANKEES SEEK TO BORROW GREATEST ART WORKS IN FRANCE

The ministry of beaux arts was thrown into consternation by an announcement appearing in the Paris Intransigeant stating that the French government has been asked to loan three of its greatest works of art for exhibition at the Sesqui Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

The works mentioned are the apple of the eye of the French people—"Mona Lisa," "The Victory of Samothrace," and the "Venus de Milo." The foreign office was aghast when shown the very modest announcement, hidden among the art notes in the Intransigeant.

After consulting various bewildered functionaries, the Quai d'Orsay's verdict was, that Paul Leon, director of the ministry of beaux arts, should be consulted. There the report was not believed by officials until the article in question was shown to them.

Then it was announced that an investigation must be started to ascertain if such a request actually had been received by anyone in the government.

After the Gallic temperament had calmed down beaux arts officials explained that they would be most willing to co-operate in every way possible to supply representative French works to the Philadelphia exposition, even to the extent of sending some treasures from the Luxembourg gallery. But—here they again got out of breath—"the prospect of sending over the three treasures mentioned is as unthinkable as endeavoring to ship over Napoleon's tomb or the Arc de Triomphe."

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Many People Cling to Horse-Drawn Cab

Are there persons who won't ride in an automobile but insist on the horse-drawn cab?

Many of them, say officials of the Cincinnati Railroad Omnibus Co. and for their benefit the concern maintains one horse cab. Phillip Sellars, 70, is the driver.

Sellars is believed to be the oldest cabby in Cincinnati in point of service, having driven cabs and busses more than 40 years.

Sellars says he would feel uneasy riding in an automobile. "I feel much safer on top of my cab than sitting in a motor car," he says.

HAWAII IS SEEN GOING TO JAPS

Senate Committee Fears America Will Lose Economic Control.

Urging enactment of the Dillingham resolution to permit restricted immigration of otherwise inadmissable aliens into Hawaii to relieve the present labor shortage, the senate immigration committee, in a report said that American control of Hawaii and of the center of the Pacific ocean was endangered by the Japanese.

The situation with respect to the preponderant Japanese population in the Hawaiian islands was discussed at length.

Calling attention to the 1921 strike of Japanese plantation workers as illustrating the need of removing the Japanese monopoly of the unskilled labor supply, the report said that strikes had been "marked by unusual animosity on the part of the Japanese language press and by many un-American demonstrations of violence."

"American industrial and political control, the report added, "is seriously threatened by the preponderance of the Japanese among those who normally perform the field labor of the territory and by an actual shortage of such labor.

"The situation in Hawaii must be met and met at once. It is not merely a question of saving Hawaiian industries from bankruptcy. The commanding fact is that the industries will inevitably pass into the hands of the Japanese instead of merely going out of existence. Such a transfer of economic control would possibly destroy the American control of Hawaii and in effect transfer to Japan control of the center of the Pacific ocean. Certainly such a result would be of serious consequences to the American naval and military control of the mid-Pacific."

U. S. CONSULATE TO STAY CLOSED

America Winds Up Case of Newcastle Agents Whom Britain Rejected.

The controversy arising from the cancellation by the British government last July of recognition of American consular officers at Newcastle-on-Tyne has been closed, the United States government having decided that the consulate there shall not be reopened.

Ambassador Harvey in London notified the state department that in a note handed to Lord Curzon, British foreign minister, he had conveyed that decision.

The British government had accused Consul Slater and Vice Consul Brooks of discriminating against British vessels. An American note following exchange of several others said that a thorough investigation had produced convincing evidence that the charges could not be substantiated. The consulate would not be reopened, it said, and arrangements would be made to dispose of the lease of the consular premises.

"Politicians Won War"

Politicians were defended by former Premier David Lloyd George in an address as rector of Edinburgh university. Lloyd George intimated his belief that "politicians won the war." When the zeal of the nation flagged, he said, the politicians "had to be mobilized." Lloyd George warned the students that the life of a politician is both hard and bitter.

DENIES CHILDREN ARE DOPE USERS

Only Stories of Kind Are Spread by Addicts, Says Official.

Dr. Franklin C. Gram, Buffalo health officer, former prison physician and student of the dope evil, says in all his experience he has never found a public or high school student a victim of the dope habit.

"The only authority for stories that dope is being sold to school children in several large cities is the statement of dope addicts themselves and they are notorious liars," Dr. Gram says. "Nothing they say can be accepted for the truth, unless there is corroboration from other sources.

"I can't conceive how high or grade school students could become dope users without such conditions being speedily discovered by parents or teachers. No instance of the kind has been reported to the Buffalo health department.

"If anyone becomes a dope addict he has only himself to blame. It is not true, as generally assumed, that innocent persons are started on the dope route through taking drugs in medicine, or through the urging of illicit peddlers. Individual moral weakness is almost always the cause of their downfall."

Dummy Fools Police

Burglars removed a store safe in Shields, Eng., leaving a dummy made of cardboard in its place, and stole $15,000 while policemen walked past the establishment.

Daddy of "Bowsers" Lively at 81

Mark Twain, Bill Nye, and other famous humorists of the old school have long since passed away, but Charles B. Lewis, better known as M. Quad, who began writing his "Bowser" stories 50 years ago, is still active and able to punch out his laughable tales on his pet typewriter.

Lewis was 81 Feb. 15. Since he was 25 he has been writing not less than six columns of humor for newspapers weekly. The most famous of his characters are Mr. and Mrs. Bowser, members of the Lime Kiln club, and the Arizona Kicker.

NEWS FROM CAPITAL

What Congress Is Doing

The nomination of D. R. Crissinger, comptroller of the currency, to be governor of the federal reserve board, was reported favorably by the senate banking committee.

Secretary Davis initiated a move to deprive Isadora Duncan, the dancer of American citizenship.

The senate voted, 63 to 7, to lay aside the administration shipping bill and take up the filled milk measure.

American delegates to the Pan American conference at Santiago were given detailed instructions at a conference with Secretary Hughes.

The French embassy announced it had "reliable information" indicating an anti-French movement which threatens an "armed uprising" in the Ruhr.

The interstate commerce commission informed the senate that the anthracite coal situation did not warrant priority orders or an embargo against export to Canada.

The British debt funding bill was signed by President Harding and treasury officials immediately went to work on final details to put into effect the refunding agreement.

The senate appropriations committee recommended that the federal coal commission be given an additional $400,000 to continue its work, the house having refused to put such a provision in the deficiency appropriations bill.

Dr. Axel Leonard Astrom, minister of Finland, arranged to begin preliminary conversations with Secretary Mellon on refunding of the Finnish debt of $8,281,826 and accrued interest of $1,150,000.

The senate adopted the resolution already passed by the house requesting the President to negotiate agreements with foreign nations looking toward restricting the production of habit forming drugs.

Enactment of legislation permitting restricted immigration of otherwise inadmissable aliens into Hawaii to relieve the labor shortage was recommended by the senate immigration committee, which declared American control of the islands was endangered by the Japanese.

President Harding in a letter told Representative Rogers, Republican, Massachusetts, he did not favor an anthracite embargo to relieve the fuel situation in New England and felt that further action to facilitate shipments rested wholly with the interstate commerce commission.

Oklahoma and Texas representatives adopted a resolution opposing promotion of Brig. Gen. Hanson E. Ely, pending in senate.

Secretary Fall announced the withdrawal by the interior department of 35,000 square miles of Alaska land to form a new naval oil reserve.

Irreconcilable Republicans doom with threat of filibuster any indorsement of President Harding's world court proposal by the senate.

Secretary Hughes, it became known, has definitely decided it will be impossible for him to attend the Pan-American conference in Santiago, Chile.

The house passed the deficiency appropriation bill, carrying $153,000,000 and the Porter resolution designed to decrease drug production by international agreement.

The United States paid Norway $12,239,852.47, the amount awarded by the tribunal of arbitration in settlement of claims growing out of the seizure of Norwegian ships during the war.

Extensive investigation by immigration authorities to determine how many aliens have been smuggled into the United States in violation of the Seaman's act was ordered by Secretary Davis.

Favorable report of a resolution proposing a constitutional amendment which would provide a popular referendum on future changes in the federal constitution was ordered by the senate judiciary committee.

As a step preliminary to revision of tax laws, Senator Norris, Republican, Nebraska, introduced a resolution proposing an inquiry by the federal trade commission to determine the amount and ownership of the chief kinds of wealth in the United States.

General credit deflation, increase in high priced inventories and the "buyers' strike" were given by the federal trade commission in a report submitted to congress as the causes of the drop in current prices which began in April, 1920.

President Harding nominated Postmaster General Work to succeed Secretary Fall of the interior department and Senator Harry S. New of Indiana to head the postoffice department. Both nominations were confirmed by the senate.

Failure of congress to enact the Sweet bill amending the war risk insurance act to give further compensation and hospital care to thousands of ex-soldiers denounced by Alvin Owsley, national commander, American Legion.

A White House spokesman indicated that President Harding had decided on a policy of "liquidation" of the government owned fleet to place it in private hands and would abandon efforts to obtain federal aid after the failure of the administration shipping bill.

With other aspirants for the G. O. P. presidential nomination in the field, friends of Mr. Harding are eager to have him declare himself.

Secretary Hughes declared the Turks were responsible for the extent of the Smyrna district in a letter to Senator Lodge, Republican, Massachusetts.

Representative W. Bourke Cockran, Democrat, New York, died suddenly.

The Volgt filled milk bill was passed by the senate and sent back to the house for adjustment of differences.

Chairman LaFollette of the senate oil investigating committee obtained permission to complete its report after adjournment of congress.

The house passed, 305 to 36, the composite rural credits bill and conferees immediately began adjustment of differences between the senate and house drafts.

The German embassy declared its government would be unable to guarantee maintenance of police and order in the Ruhr if the population is provoked to the point of desperation.

A senate investigating committee reported unanimously that charges of the late Senator Watson, Democrat, Georgia, that American soldiers were executed in France without trial were unfounded.

Chairman Lodge of the senate foreign relations committee was told by President Harding he did not regard it as vital that the senate act at this season on the proposal for American membership in the international court established by the league of nations.

President Harding nominated former Representative Towner of Iowa to succeed E. Mont Reily as governor of Porto Rico; Dwight Davis of Missouri to be assistant secretary of war, and Frank W. Mondell, Republican floor leader in the house, to succeed Mr. Davis as a director of the war finance corporation.

President Harding nominated three Democrats—Senator Glass, Virginia; Representative Crisp, Georgia, and former Representative Olney of Massachusetts, to be members of the debt commission, the senate quickly confirming the selections.

The senate rejected the nomination of Walter Cohen, Negro Republican leader of Louisiana, to be customs comptroller at New Orleans.

The house passed and sent to the senate the bill authorizing expenditure of $10,000,000 a year for six years for Mississippi river flood control.

The Ford Motor Car Co. was granted authority by the federal power commission to develop power at the government high dam between St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The filled milk bill was sent to President Harding after the house accepted senate amendments.

President Harding signed the army appropriation bill carrying $65,580,000 for river and harbor projects, and the Porter resolution requesting negotiations with foreign governments to curtail production of habit-forming drugs.

The house passed the senate bill to increase scope of the federal coal commission's investigation.

Investigation of recent advances in sugar prices was proposed in a resolution by Senator Brookhart, Republican, Iowa.

The senate adopted a resolution providing for investigation of the veterans bureau by a special committee after adjournment of congress.

Representative Upshaw, Democrat, Georgia, introduced a resolution to increase the salaries of senators and representatives to $10,000.

HERO OF MINE DISASTER DIES

Strain of Rescue Work in Argonaut Tragedy Proves Fatal.

George Shapley Downing, 36, assistant superintendent of the Argonaut Mining Co., who earned the title of "the silent hero of the Argonaut disaster," died in a hospital in San Francisco recently.

Downing had been confined to his bed since Sept. 18, 1922, the day the bodies of 46 miners entombed in the Argonaut mine were brought to the surface.

After three weeks of almost incessant work in the attempt to rescue the entombed men, Downing collapsed as the result of the terrific strain, says John B. Smith, secretary of the Argonaut Co.

"Downing, despite his huge stature and rugged constitution, broke down under the intense labor he performed," Smith says. "From the heat of the 4,000 foot levels to the cold night air of the surface, he directed his men and his unselfish attitude in never asking a man to do what he himself would not do, coupled with his innate modesty, earned for him the name of 'the hero of the Argonaut.'

"He broke down after the bodies were brought up and gradually became worse until Nov. 1, last, when he was taken to a hospital.

Downing's father, Dr. Augustus S. Downing of the University of the State of New York, assistant state commissioner for higher education and director of professional education, arrived from Albany, N. Y., in time to be at his son's deathbed. A widow, Mrs. Helen Downing, and two children, George Jr., 9, and Jean, 6, of Jackson Calif., survive.

Beer Is Auctioned at $300 a Bottle

American bootlegger liquor prices never equaled quotations prevailing in London. Gordon Selfridge, acting as auctioneer at a benefit for a new hospital, offered four bottles of beer brewed by King Edward VII. He requested that the bidding start at $300 a bottle.

Mrs. Alice Hill

YOUNG MOTHERS

Health is Your Most Valuable Asset. Read This.

Warren, Ohio—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when in an expectant condition and was greatly benefited. I highly recommend it to all young mothers who require a special tonic and nervine." —Mrs. Alice Hill.

Do you know that many prospective mothers suffer needlessly; What Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for others it will do for you. Get it this very day from your neighborhood druggist, in tablets or liquid. —Advertisement

FRICK ESTATE IS $92,953,55

Art and Book Collecti to Be on Permanent E hibition.

The value of the estate of H Clay Frick, the steel man who Dec. 2, 1919, was fixed at $ 552 in an appraisal filed by the tax commission. The amount this state subject to the tax was set at $20,932,905.

Frick's collection of books, ta tapestries and art objects was v at $13,132,391. The entire co tion was placed in the hands of tees for permanent exhibition a fund of $15,000,000 for its m tenance.

The manufacturer's real pro in this state was appraised at 280,000, including his residence East 70th street, priced at $3,2 The house furnishings, bequeath his widow, were valued at $ The residence was left in the of the collection trustees with interest to Mrs. Frick.

The will leaves the residue of estate to the widow and their children, Childs and Helen Frick.

The appraisal was filed after rogate Foley ruled that Frick not been a resident of this city of Pittsburgh, within the me of the inheritance tax law. It tained no record of property outside New York.

Mixed on Psyche

A Columbia university described Psyche as "a black who whipper Carpentier."

EXCITING NEW $1.75 NO FOR 15c

You Should Read "The Free Tra That Intensely Interesting Lo and Mystery Story of the Canadian Wilds.

Washington, D. C., Mar. 8— Free Trader," by the Pinkertons a wonderfully absorbing and told tale of love, heroism, adven and villainy. The Pathfinder cord with its policy of giving best of everything, has secured serial rights to this unusual prior to its publication in book and will print it starting March The Pathfinder is the great trated weekly magazine from the tion's capital, now read in over a million homes. Send 15 cents receive it 13 weeks, containing brand new serial and many fine stories and features—uncu digest of news, record of cong Jokes, stunts, puzzles, question etc. It costs the editor a lo money to do this but he says it to invest in new friends. Sen cents today to Pathfinder, 359 La don Sta., Washington, D. C.

—Advertisement

GENUINE ROGERS Nickel silver

Consisting of 26 pieces, including cardboard cabinet as shown, only $5.88

Set consisting of
6 tablespoons,
6 forks,
6 knives,
6 teaspoons,
1 butter knife and
sugar spoon.

Send us a check or money order in fo we will send C. O. D. all postage prepa METROPOLITAN HARDWARE Desk 5—Church and Vesey Sts., New Y

Hill's acts at once checks Colds in 24 Hours

At the first sign of a cold take Hills Cascara Bromide Quinine. Quick to act, Safe and most dependable cold, headache and la grippe remedy known.

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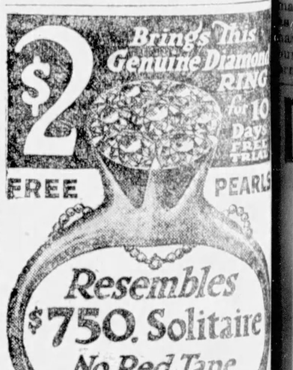

Resembles $750. Solitaire No Red Tape No Delay

SET IN PLATINUM—MOST SENSATIONAL RING OFFER EVER MADE

Think of it—seven brilliant steel blue genuine diamonds massed by jacketing them in a setting of solid platinum, closely together that only close inspection will distinguish it from a solitaire valued at $500. Shank of ring is 14kt. solid gold.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

You take no chance—if it is not satisfactory at the end ten days (if you have not duplicate this genuine diamond ring in any jewelry store for less than $65.00, your deposit will be refunded to you.

FREE "ROYALTON" PEARLS

We are giving an 18-inch strand of genuine Royalton pearls fitted with a solid gold clasp ABSOLUTELY FREE, just to get you started as a customer. Regular value $12.00 but we charge $12.00 for a similar strand. The quantity is limited so be sure to send your order today.

SEND ONLY $2.00 AND RING AND PEARLS GO TO YOU IN A HANDSOME GIFT BOX, CHARGES PAID. A WRITTEN GUARANTEE BOND AS TO QUALITY AND VALUE ACCOMPANIES EACH RING. AFTER 10 DAY TRIAL, PAY BALANCE $4.95 A MONTH FOR 10 MONTHS. PRICE ONLY $48.50.

FREE BOOK OF GEMS

Most complete jewelry catalog ever issued of diamonds, watches and jewelry—newest designs at lowest prices. 10 months to pay on everything from our two million dollar stock.

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FREE PEARLS

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO. 35-37-39 Maiden Lane, New York

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

BRIGADIER GENERAL HINES of New York has succeeded Colonel Forbes as director of the United States Veterans' bureau. He promises "full justice to the ex-service men."

Prohibition Commissioner Haynes told 75 agents of his department in conference in Columbus, O., last week that there is practically no bonded liquor being smuggled into the United States. He added that popular sentiment is shifting to the side of the 18th amendment and the Volstead act.

The police case against "Nicky" Arnstein and his five friends, who were arrested in New York with several thousand dollars' worth of securities in their possession, dissolved into thin air and all six defendants were set free. There was no explanation of the fiasco.

"Big Tim" Murphy, Chicago labor leader and former member of the Illinois legislature, is now engaged in a new vocation, handy man about the machine shops at the federal penitentiary in Leavenworth. He is serving a four-year term, his first conviction, for complicity in the Dearborn street station mail robbery at Chicago, in which more than $300,000 was taken.

Great Britain has decided to confer self-government upon Rhodesia, Premier Bonar Law announced recently in the house of commons.

The mining village of Russellton, Pa., about 25 miles from Pittsburgh, was rocked by a terrific explosion when a powder magazine at a mine blew up. More than 100 houses were damaged and two men were injured.

Civil war broke out afresh in China last week.

Two persons were killed and 13 injured in the wreck of the second section of the Dixie Flyer, with northbound passenger train near Calhoun, Ga., last week.

Twenty-eight miners were injured, eight seriously, in a collision of motor cars in the Bell and Solier mine at Ziegler, Ill., recently. The men were being carried to the shaft when the electric car in which they were riding crashed into two detached coal cars.

Bills numbering 284, proposing laws on almost every conceivable subject were introduced in the Ohio legislature before the lid was clamped down on further introduction of bills.

Richard M. Tobin of San Francisco has been nominated and confirmed as minister to the Netherlands.

MRS. NORA MARY McMULLEN MELLON, 44, divorced wife of Andrew W. Mellon of Pittsburgh, secretary of the treasury, is to be married to Harvey Arthur Lee, 14 years her junior, and reputed of little means. Mrs. Mellon has not been before the public since 1912, when a divorce was granted to Mr. Mellon on grounds of desertion.

Before leaving his office as postmaster general to take up the duties of secretary of the interior, Hubert Work recommended to President Harding that selection of postmasters should no longer be considered a political requisite of senators and representatives but should be vested in the postoffice department alone.

The Angora government of Turkey has agreed to accept the Lausanne treaty with exception of financial and economic clauses.

Central board of German Evangelical church in Berlin has issued an appeal to Evangelical churches throughout the world, asking them to voice a protest against the procedure of the occupation forces in the Ruhr and Rhineland.

Interest in the East St. Louis, Ill. political situation turned to the municipal election to be held in April after the primary last week in which three candidates, alleged to have been supported by the Ku Klux Klan, were nominated as city commissioner and two other reputed Klan candidates were defeated.

The parliament of northern Ireland was opened in state last week by the Duke of Abercorn, the new governor, the ceremony being patterned after that used at the opening of the British parliament.

The North Daktota state senate has passed a resolution asking the state of Florida for a full investigation of the circumstances surrounding the conviction, leasing and death of Martin Tabert, a Munich, N. D. youth, alleged to have been flogged to death in a Florida lumber camp about a year ago.

Germany closed February with her floating debt of more than three and one-half trillion marks climbing rapidly toward a fourth trillion at the rate of more than 50 billions a day.

There is a wide feeling in Portugal now that the country may be heading toward a rebellion.

Arthur C. Lueder, postmaster, will be the Republican standard bearer against Judge William E. Dever, Democrat, in the Chicago mayoralty election in April.

THE eight-hour day with time and one-half for overtime after the eighth hour was granted another class of railroad employes last week by the United States railroad labor board in its decision on the dispute between the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship clerks, freight handlers, express and station employes and a number of carriers.

Rufus S. Day, son of former Associate Justice William R. Day of the supreme court, has been nominated a special assistant to Attorney General Daugherty.

Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, Illinois representative-at-large, has announced that she will ask a congressional investigation of the primary election at which Morton D. Hull defeated her for the Republican nomination to succeed the late Representative Mann of the second district.

Lord Curzon, British foreign secretary declared recently that he believed European conditions were improving.

The session of the lower house of the Japanese diet broke up in a free fight recently over the universal suffrage bill. It was defeated later.

Six enlisted men on the U. S. destroyer Hulbert of the Asiatic fleet were burned to death in an explosion in the boiler room, caused by a flareback of oil.

The 33rd annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, to be held in New Orleans April 11-13, will be the fifth gathering of its kind in that city.

Six members of the Ku Klux Klan served on the federal grand jury in Houston, Tex., which indicted E. Y. Clarke, former acting imperial wizard of the klan, on a charge of violating the Mann act.

Mayor Herbert H. Vogt of Massillon, Ohio, was removed from office by Governor Donahey for misconduct, nonfeasance and gross and wilful neglect of duty. He will contest the decision.

The Ohio legislature refused last week for a second time to pass legislation directed against the Ku Klux Klan.

As the first step to bring about the dissolution of the so-called anthracite coal trust ordered by the supreme court the department of justice has ordered filed a final decree for separation of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Co. from its coal subsidiaries.

Ten men were killed as the result of an explosion in a coal mine near Bluefield, W. Va.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

...N STATE TO FRONT— ...ofessor White Is Speaker.

...t a recent meeting in Pittsburgh ...tened to an address by Prof. ...W. White of State College, Pa. He ...a strong lecture on lime and ...stone for the soil.

...stated that less than 300,000 ... of raw pulverized limestone ... Pennsylvania each ... tons should be ... words, Pennsylvania ... were using only one ton ... ought to use five tons on ... soils.

...Professor White said that the use ...limestone was working wonders ...the farmers of his state. That ...use of this soil sweetener and ...builder had brought Pennsylvania from fifth place up to seventh ...as an agricultural state of the ...on.

...Professor White is asking subscriptions and donations for the purpose of erecting a memorial ...for Professor Freer, who ...the service of the ...building is to cost $100,000 ...a monument to ...Freer who did a life service ...the interest of agriculture, ...was one of the first pioneers to recommend the use of lime ...Pennsylvania is not ...agricultural colleges are doing. Governor ...is cutting down expenditures. He is trying ...a deficit of nearly $30,000,000 ...lopping off jobs and ...salaries including his own, ...he has cut from $18,000 a ...which the law allows him, to ...

...Governor Pinchot is not particularly popular with some of the progressives, but he is getting lots of thanks and applause from the rank and file taxpayers ...they find the tax burdens ...

...Generally Pennsylvania has not ...organized agriculture as generously as other states have done in appropriations. Mining and manufacturing have been the high spots and second childs. Such men as ...President Thomas and Professor ...are awakening Pennsylvania.

...AGEDY OF POLITICS— ...Agriculture and Farm.

...what fools we mortals be." Ohio ...this old adage. It has always ...true. We eat too much and get ...headache. We do so often. We ...the same in public affairs. We eat ...much politics and get the headache, less service and more taxes.

...What is true of Ohio is true of ...other states. The Southern ...have more sense than the ...Northern states in many matters of ...politics. Too much sameness ...contentment, however, will get a ...and folks into a rut where the ...rot sometimes grows.

...We have in mind the management ...state agricultural departments. ...tears up this branch of its state ...ernment, root and top, about ...every two years. The result is less ...ciency, less efficiency and more cost. ...governor is elected for a two-year term. Ohio has been alternating ...between Democratic and Republican ...governors. This makes a football of ...every department. The officials have hardly enough time to find ...what their duties are until another election comes along and tosses ...into the waste basket of insane ...tics.

...There is any one place where ...ought to be some continuity of ...and program, it is in the agricultural department, which is made ...of several bureaus and divisions, ...which require expert and trained ...to discharge the duties of their ...

...Less than 10 years Ohio has had ...different persons at the head of ...department of agriculture. No ...matter how smart these men were ...would not have time to mature ...program and develop it.

...Rural Welfare editor held this post ...for nearly seven years. We ...able to work out a few projects and get somewhat of a grasp ...the needs of the state. We do not ...hesitate to say that some of those ...have followed us in the office ...better fitted for the place than ...were, and if they had been given ...their service in the office would ...have proven themselves much more ...useful than we were in this important position.

...Other Blade readers in other states ...have similar conditions at home ...we have in Ohio. Why do we ...to tolerate such nuisances in ...form of government? Does government exist only for the purpose of

PE-RU-NA

Recommended by an Ohio Farmer

W. J. Temple, 292 W. Central ...e., Delaware, Ohio, for five long ...ars could not eat a meal without ...stress. His trouble was catarrh ...the stomach and bowels brought ...by exposure. Mr. Temple says: ...A druggist recommended Pe-ru-na. I took five bottles and am ...well man. While formerly I could ...do a day's work. I now never ...become fatigued. Pe-ru-na is the ...best medicine and tonic in the ...world. It is especially fine for ...catarrh and colds."

The value of any medicine is determined by results.

Pe-ru-na has been accumulating results for over fifty years.

Sold Everywhere
Tablets or Liquid

Insist upon having the genuine remedy for catarrhal conditions.

passing jobs around to those who make a profession of politics?

Can we get emancipated? Can we shake the shackles off and make our highly paid government serve the public first and the job holders second? We ask our readers to invoice conditions in their own state and see how nearly this story fits your case at home.

Here is one cure of this disease. Establish a state board of agriculture. Not less than 10 members. This is enough. Let their terms be five years each. Two terms to expire annually. Let these members be suitable men or women appointed by the governor. Let the secretary or commissioner of agriculture be elected by this board for a period of not less than three years.

This plan will save and protect the state department of agriculture from every political breeze that blows and at least two elections will have to pass before there is a ripping up of this department. Think it over and talk about political diseases. Do it now.

FAIR FOLKS ARE BUSY— Getting Ready for Next Fair.

State and county fair managers are busy at this season of the year framing up their next fair program. All good fairs are getting bigger and better. The other kind have the dry rot and are passing.

Tennessee state and county fairs have been hit by the state legislature which repealed the one mill tax levy which had been in force to help these fairs. The public press seems to have taken the side of the fairs and it will only be a question of time until some action will be taken to again give official support to these expositions which are doing a great educational work for all lines of agriculture and farm improvement.

The county fair boys in Pennsylvania continue to oppose any action that would establish a state fair in the Keystone state. They have a strong organization and the state political leaders have to sit up and take notice.

Southern fairs are going forward and are co-operating with each other in many ways. Canada is coming to the front in its fair programs. Western fairs are keeping pace with the rest of the country and are strong on entertainment and special features. New England is rocky and rugged, but fairs are the fashion and seem to flourish.

Farmers know more about breeding and feeding live stock because of the contests in the show ring for the blue ribbons. Better seed and better farming are the results of the exhibits in agricultural halls at fairs. A well-balanced fair, seasoned with sensible entertainment is a blessing to any state or county. Give a helping hand.

SAFETY FIRST — On Roads and Railroads.

In an interurban, upon which we were riding, we saw a bulletin board with this sign on it: "Last year this railroad carried 10,000,000 passengers and not one person was killed. How does this compare with highway travel?"

This is a remarkable record. The death toll on our public highways is much greater than that of the steam and electric railways. How can we curb the danger to travel in autos? This is a big question.

Today, autos outrun and out-kill trains. Only a man of long experience and training is permitted to run the engine that pulls a train. No man who drinks is permitted to hold the locomotive throttle.

Today we permit young and old, drunk and sober fools to run wild on our highways. The sensible driver may get hit no matter how careful he is in his driving. What is the cure? Are we content to let the death toll increase and take chances?

A farmer is hardly safe in driving his team with a load on a main travel highway. The fast fool may hit him any minute. The horse and buggy on the road make these high speed dunces mad. They think that such old-fashioned vehicles should be used to run around the barnyard and no other place. The folks who pay for the roads seem to have the least right to use them in the minds of these devil drivers who pay nothing to build or to maintain roads. Have you a remedy to cure this folly of fools?

ODDS AND ENDS— Save Weekly Blade.

Several queries have come to Rural Welfare editor asking where the book giving the story of the escape and suicide of John Wilkes Booth can be obtained.

We mentioned this book and story some weeks ago in these columns. We obtained our copy of this book from H. H. Timby, Ashtabula, Ohio. No doubt others can get it by writing to him.

Many queries come to us about the federal land bank. Most of these letters should be directed to the land bank in the district where our readers live. By asking your county agent or postmaster you can get the exact address of these land banks.

We are glad to answer these queries, but our readers will save time by writing direct to the bank, of which there are 12 in the United States, and they cover every state and county.

Many questions come about getting free publications from the department of agriculture at Washington. These letters should be addressed to either your congressman or to one of your United States senators, who will gladly have such books and bulletins sent you free of cost to you.

To get the free bulletins from your own state experiment station and agricultural college you should write direct to those in charge. Nearly every state officer issues bulletins and reports which contain valuable information, and which are for free distribution to those who will read and study them. Do it now.

MUST SIGN NAME— When Writing The Blade.

We frequently get unsigned letters. Sometimes we get letters with only the initials of the name signed. Frequently we have stated that letters to receive attention must be signed.

Your name need not be used for publication, as we do not often mention names, other than initials. We have a good letter from Berryburg, West Virginia, but unsigned. Our readers should keep our suggestion in mind when writing to us.

CONGRESS WILL REST— So Will the People.

For several years congress has been in session most of the time. Now a vacation is in sight. Congress expired on March 4 of this year. The terms of one-third of the senators expired. The terms of all the congressmen expired. Some of the senators will come back, but a number will go to private life on account of being defeated either in the primary or November election last year. Many old congressmen will retire, having been either defeated for re-election or not caring to come back.

The regular time for the new congress to come back and go into session will be the first Monday in December. This will give nine months' vacation for congress unless President Harding calls an extra session. This he is not likely to do.

President Harding and the country both want a vacation. The President and Mrs. Harding will go to Florida. Both have been in ill health. The new congress is not likely to be friendly to the President, and he hopes that some of the radical views of today may cool off in the course of nine months. Many new Republicans will appear as well as Democrats to be sworn into office when congress meets in December.

Congressmen and senators used to spend the Summer months delivering lectures and making a good salary on chautauqua platforms. This work they can now resume and they may be able to do as much good in this way as they would if they were making laws at the national capital. The country wants a rest in lawmaking.

Let Uncle Sam mark time for a while.

COMBS FROM SKIM MILK— Gas and Light in Straw.

Who has read or dreamed of the romance in raw materials? Has the farmer been in a rut and thought of the farm only as a place to grow the meal ticket for a hungry world?

The wonders of science. We are just knocking on the door. We are not even inside the great storehouse of possibilities of science and invention. The brain of man and woman is the mighty engine room that is doing the impossible things every day and every day.

We make combs and fountain pens from skim milk. From straw we can get gas to run and light an automobile. Every part of a hog or steer is now used. There is no waste material if we have our heads thoroughly in the game. What used to be waste material around factories is now turned into commercial products.

The old farm is destined to grow in wonder and wealth. Electricity and invention will make it a mystic marvel and outrival the experts in sleight-of-hand and legerdemain performance. There is power in everything that grows. There is power in every drop of water that flows. Man is just beginning to harness this natural power and make it useful to himself. Day by day the farm becomes a bigger business.

WHAT IS PUPPY LOVE— Pretty Face—Empty Head.

What is the cure for puppy love? This disease hits town and country. Mothers have long sought a sure cure. It has worried parents and made them wonder what would be the fate of a son or daughter.

What is a trial marriage? Mostly grief without relief. Love stories, wild and wooly, are often the cause of youthful folly. How often do parents talk to children about love and marriage in a real common sense and practical way?

Many of the fairy tale love stories have a hidden morality concealed in such way as to make the story more dangerous for young minds. Married at 16 is often a tale of regret and wrecked lives.

A pretty face often disguises an empty head. Hugging and kissing are only a small part of life. True love ought to last until you die.

Love at first sight is likely to get the colic. It won't stand much dishwashing or milking cows. This puppy love seldom cooks a good meal or knows how to take care of the baby, or how to get up on cold mornings and start the fire.

Head off puppy love by being a chum with your children and know what they are thinking about. Have fun and frolic with them. They are just chunks off the old block. The story of Romeo and Juliet is worth telling. Before young folks hitch up it's a good idea to find out all about each other and whether any of the relatives are going to mix in.

TIME RIGHT NOW— Fruit Trees and Grapes.

If you intend to neglect your orchard during 1923, do it now. If you intend to treat it right, do it now. Prune while the knife is sharp. Prune, not butcher.

Did you ever try alfalfa in the orchard? Do you believe that fruit trees get hungry and ought to be fed? If so, do it now. Give your trees the nourishment that nature intended they should have.

Do you have a weekly or monthly paper which advises you as to your duty toward orchard and vineyard? It is a good investment. Have you ever asked your county agent to visit your farm and orchard and make suggestions for its improvement? If not, why not? Have you the notion in your head that you are ripe and cannot learn anything from somebody else? This is a dangerous disease.

Here is what the American Fruit Grower magazine says about grapes:

The pruning of the grape is much more important to the vineyardist than the pruning of our fruit trees is to the orchardist, because if the pruning of the vineyard is neglected even for a single year, serious damage is done the vines. The pruning should be carried out in harmony with some definite training system. Many of the commercial grape regions follow training systems that are practiced more or less locally. The four-cane Kniffen system of training is generally practiced in Michigan, and is adapted to almost all conditions. It will give as good yields as any other system of training, which carries the same number of buds on fruiting wood, and is more economical than some because no Summer tying is necessary. The trellis required is of two smooth wires 2½ and 4½ feet from the ground.

As in the orchard, the pruning of a vineyard should be the pruning of a series of individuals, instead of the application of a rule of thumb. Pruning of the grape involves the thinning of the fruit and a consequent reduction of the yield. So, if we prune our vines too severely, we are pruning off our profits. On the other hand, a grape vine needs to have some of its fruit buds removed, or the vine will over-bear and the fruit will fail to develop the highest quality. In addition to the effect of the pruning on the yield of the season, the crop carried by the vine will influence the kind of shoots produced by the vines, and these shoots are next year's fruiting canes. All commercial growers will agree that the most fruitful canes are neither the very thick, long-jointed ones produced by the over-pruned vine, nor the very delicate slender shoots produced by the under-pruned vine.

ASK AND RECEIVE— Free Book If You Want It.

Farm and field folks can always make wages by keeping in touch with the department of agriculture. It would be a good thing for you to get the habit of asking your congressman and senators, monthly, to have the U. S. department send you all the latest bulletins for distribution. These can be had for the asking.

Uncle Sam spends a lot of money to get facts for these books and bulletins. They are for you. It would be a waste of money if this printed matter was not distributed. It is useless if not used by those who need the information.

Here is a notice intended for you You can have it for the asking. Address a letter or postal card to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Here is the news item giving notice to you:

The bureau of agricultural economics of the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., is issuing a new set of mimeographed papers entitled, "Agricultural Co-operation." These papers deal with the legal, economic and organization information collected by the bureau and will prove of great value to officers of co-operative associations.

ROMANCE OF STONE— A Wonder Tale Story.

How many things can you think of that are not in some way indebted to stone? The story of stone is almost the story of the world's progress.

The human body, live stock animals and nearly every form of food we eat contains limestone in some way. Much of the paints and varnishes we use have some form of stone for a filler. The same is true of several brands of fertilizers.

Few buildings are erected without stone in its various forms of lime, mortar, cement and steel. Yes, steel and iron need the fluxing power of stone to make it a useful metal.

Few folks have ever traced the story of lime alone. It is used for countless things. Even in medicines and drinks it plays a part. Cement walks, walls, bridges, buildings and a hundred different uses.

For roads. For rail ballast. For glass. For grass. For crop booster. For breakwater. For poultry and stock foods. We eat stone and breathe stone. Bone and eggshell. It is in the water we drink. It is used in many forms of candy.

It's in religion. The Rock of Ages. It is in the milk that nourishes the baby. It is in the sealed vault that encloses our lifeless remains when we sink into the grave. From cradle to tomb the story of stone can be traced. A big part of the earth is rock. We drive the drill deeply into the earth, soon or late we strike the stone.

AT A DAIRY BANQUET— Dividends Twice a Day.

The dairy cow is better than a government bond. The cow pays a dividend twice a day. The bond pays a dividend twice a year. Some cows do better than this. Some cows are milked three and four times a day.

Recently we were guest at a big dairy banquet. Whole farm families were present. Boys and girls enjoyed the occasion as well as fathers and mothers.

These folks were the best organized of any bunch of farmers we have yet found. They are completely sold on the idea of co-operation. And they co-operate. They pay the price and make money by so doing. They demand a square deal and get it. They have the organization of self-defense and they are let alone.

They are now getting $2.50 per 100 pounds for milk. Before they were organized they were paid $1.15 per 100 pounds. Then the price was fixed by the city milk dealers. Now the dairy folks fix the price. These farmers are business men and they know it.

During the war they were paid $4 per 100 pounds for milk. Later, they voluntarily reduced the price to $3. Later the price was fixed at $2.50. These farmers are making money. They have no thought of leaving the farm. Their boys and girls are given a part in the game and some share of the profits.

Government officials came and looked over the books and records to see if any anti-trust laws were being violated. They came through the examination with flying colors. They are as smart as Standard Oil and United States Steel Corporation, which puts up or down the price of what they have to sell. These dairy farmers have no thought of being greedy or grabbing more than a fair profit, but they have made up their minds to have fair wages for hard work. Applause. May their tribe increase. Do it now.

A BIT OF NEWS— Tales of the Eagle.

Our recent story about an eagle brought a number of letters to us. Some writers insisted that an eagle that robs the farm and barn yard ought to be shot. Others take the opposite view.

One western reader writes interestingly and gives this bit of gossip:

"After reading your article about the American eagle, I thought you would like to know that tradition says that the reason the eagle is used as the national emblem is because the Declaration of Independence was written with a quill from the eagle's wing.

"Mother told me this story, and her schoolmaster of the early 50s told her."

The Whole World's Gethsemane

The International Sunday School Lesson for March 11 Is "Jesus in Gethsemane"— Luke 22.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

INTO the life of every individual, however shallow our nature, comes an experience which we call "Gethsemane." Ella Wheeler Wilcox beautifully gathered this thought into a poem:—

"In golden youth, when seems the earth
A summer land for singing mirth;
When souls are glad and hearts are light,
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies
Somewhere, veiled under waning skies,
A garden all must sometime see—
Somewhere lies our Gethsemane.

"With joyous steps we go our ways.
Love lends a halo to our days,
Light sorrows sail like clouds afar;
We laugh, and say how strong we are,
We hurry on, and hurrying, go
Close to the borderland of woe,
That waits for you and waits for me—
Forever waits Gethsemane.

"Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams,
Bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty caps of years,
Close to the great salt fount of tears,
The garden lies; strive as you may,
You cannot miss it in your way.
All paths that have been, or shall be,
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

"All those who journey, soon or late
Must pass within that garden's gate.
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say,
'Not mine, but Thine,' who only pray.
'Let this cup pass,' and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane."

The Old Garden Itself.

Perhaps a word about the actual spot where the agony of Jesus transpired, will make more definite our thinking. The Garden of Gethsemane is one of the sacred sites concerning which there can be no doubt. The present Garden of Gethsamane, surrounded by a stone wall, and containing several venerable olive trees—one of them surely more than a thousand years old—is in the care of the Franciscan monks. There can be no doubt that if it is not the actual scene of the supreme Tragedy, it is within a few yards of it. The spot is one of the most affecting upon earth, and the reverent traveler goes again and again into that peaceful, tenderly kept garden, to let the dust of the world be swept from his spirit by the breezes of memory which blow through the old olive trees.

Gray, as if they had won through pain to peace, gnarled and twisted as if through suffering to strength, stand these old olive trees which have witnessed so much of history. Beneath these ancient trees the flowers bloom in the Garden, in sweet symbolism of the beauty and joy that have sprung up in human life under the shadow of the suffering, sympathetic Saviour.

The old monk who lovingly tends the garden—how trivial the differences between churches seem when one comes to Gethsemane—with whom I had congenial conversation, though each of us could speak but little of the other's language, gave bits of the tree from broken limbs, and these I have had made into crosses for friends. Often memory goes back to that beautiful Garden of Renunciation and of Communion. To visit it is to know a chastening, sanctifying, uplifting experience.

Under the Trees of Olivet.

All fine spirits love the out-of-doors. In hours of stress and crisis they instinctively turn to the woods and the fields of the open skies. A true nature-lover was Jesus, and He was accustomed to resort to these gray groves of olive trees on the west slope of Olivet, for prayer and meditation and communion with the Father. Even Judas knew this spot to be one of his haunts.

So in His great hour, Jesus took His three closest friends and wended His way down to the sheep-gate at the northeastern corner of the city, even as the traveler may do today; and crossed the brook Kedron at about the spot where the lepers sat for years; and penetrated into the seclusion of the grove, off from the main highway.

Leaving behind even His closest friends, the Master went into the recesses of the woods alone. There is no room for a companion in the ultimate experiences of life. One by one we face the great verities. Even our dearest must stay without the gate of Gethsamane when we are summoned to enter. There, alone, beneath the trees, Jesus underwent the real crisis of His passion.

When Self-Assurance Failed.

Most of us distrust the blatant person's loud word of self-confidence and assurance of power. When Jesus intimated that His disciples would fail Him that night, Peter impetuously protested that he would stand fast, though all men fell away. The very boastfulness of the utterances prepares us for the subsequent events. The trouble with Peter was that he was too self-reliant; too sure of Peter and not dependent enough on God. No Christian may count on himself to keep faithful; but only on God to keep faith with him.

The words of constancy were scarcely cold on the lips of the three most loyal disciples before they were overcome with sleep. They could not watch while Jesus prayed. Their love was not masterful enough to drive sleep from their eyes, in even their leader's darkest hour. Gethsemane will not have delivered its full message to us, unless it humbles our spiritual pride.

The Song of the Sweat.

Two dramatic extremes are in this story. It begins with a song. "When they had sung a hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives." Can we conceive of it? Jesus leaving His last meal on the old terms with His disciples; bearing in His heart the heavy consciousness that one of His comrades was even at that moment on an errand of treason; knowing that He was going forth to agony beyond words; to desertion by His dearest; to betrayal and denial and to death itself—with a song on His lips! Mark this, all ye shallow optimists; here is the world's highest mountain peak of courage, the singing Savior on the way to the Gethsemane and Calvary.

The other extreme of the story is the sweat of blood, a physical phenomenon not unknown to medical science, but marking the very ultimate of human intensity of suffering. The blood from the punctures of the thorn-crown, and from the spear thrusts of Calvary, were not so significant as this crimson which the agony of soul forced from the pores of the Saviour's face. We must look upon this to know what salvation costs.

Why the Agony?

What was "the cup" that Jesus prayed might pass from Him? Was it the arrest, the shame, the buffeting, the crucifixion? So we commonly say; but others have pointed out that this could hardly be the case, since it was for this very purpose that Jesus had come into the world; to miss this would be to fail in His mission. Surely, our Lord was not such a one as would purchase immunity from pain at the cost of honor and duty.

Was it not rather, as has often been suggested, that the agony of Jesus was caused by the fear that He might not physically be able for His task, and that He might die before His work was done? The human frame had almost reached its limit. Nothing would please the adversary better than the untimely death of Jesus. There seems a reasonableness in this idea, that the agony was fear that Christ might not physically be able to fuifill His mission.

What Makes Gethsemane?

That point is only incidental. The great reality is that Jesus suffered as never man suffered, but in the end triumphantly declared, "Thy will be done." Whatever the cause of the wrenchings of the soul of the Redeemer, they eventuated in a complete and utter submission to the Father's will. That is what makes a Gethsemane. A soul struggle which seeks first of all docility to God and peace with His purposes, is the only experience that is worthy of this great name. Any misfortune, however bitter, is not a Gethsemane unless it has this spiritual purpose and result.

The Garden of Gethsemane is the garden of renunciation of self and of content with God. The finest of all poems touching this experience of Christ is that one born of Sidney Lanier's dark hour, when he knew himself doomed by disease, with his life's dreams unfulfilled:

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last.
When out of the woods He came."

OLDEST RULER IN WORLD DIES

King Khama "Responsible" for Many Reforms in His Land.

King Khama, the oldest sovereign in the world and one of its pioneer prohibitionists as well, is dead at Serowe, Bechuanaland. His exact age is unknown, but he is believed to have been nearer 100 than 90.

Khama, as ruler of the Bamangwate tribe, became a Christian when a young man and throughout his long life was largely influenced by English missionaries. As a boy of 12, he met David Livingstone while that great missionary explorer was making his first journey in Central Africa.

After coming to the throne, King Khama decided to suppress alcoholic liquors. Having noted the demoralizing influence that native beer had upon his tribesmen, he forbade the sale of this beverage and decreed that no foreign spirits might be imported into his territory. These efforts, however, were not entirely successful, for the King was obliged to contend almost continually with bootleggers. The white settlers especially caused trouble, and incensed by their defiance of his repeated warnings, King Khama finally banished them from his ally banished them from his kingdom.

Early in his reign Khama proclaimed religious freedom for heathens and Christians alike and under the influence of the missionaries he introduced many reforms, abolishing witchcraft and the practices of selling women as cattle and burying live babies with dead mothers.

While Khama was still a young man, the Matabele tribe under the notorious Lobengula conquered him and enslaved his people. Later, however, they regained their independence under Khama's leadership and since have waxed strong and prosperous until they now total 35,000.

Khama was always friendly to the English and visited Queen Victoria in London in 1895.

Doctor in Mob Case to Continue Studies

Permission has been granted by faculty members of Johns Hopkins medical school, for Dr. B. M. McKoin, former mayor of Mer Rouge, La., to continue his post-graduate work at that institution.

The readmission of Dr. McKoin to the medical school has been a matter of controversy between the physician and medical school authorities, who intimated that the doctor's return would probably cause undue publicity to fall upon the institution, growing out of his alleged implication in the Morehouse parish murders and kidnapings of last August.

Senator in Fist Fight

Blows were exchanged by Senator Caraway of Arkansas and another passenger on a Washington street car recently after the man had been accused of jostling the senator and using offensive language. The altercation occurred at Fourteenth and H streets, N. W., after both had left the street car, the unidentified passenger striking Senator Caraway on the face and the senator retaliating with blows with his umbrella on the man's back.

YA GOTTA BE SAVED, THEORY IN GOTHAM; SOCIETIES DO IT

From the moment you are born until you die you can't go wrong in New York. No matter what you do or want to do there is a society that will save you from doing it.

There are societies devoted to the saving of everything from babies, animals and souls to "indigent females," "friendless men" and "respectable girls." There is even one for the protection of non-smokers.

These societies, associations and organizations number about 1,000 with their branches. The innermost and most inner affairs connected with your life are subjects for being saved.

They'll Save From Anything

The incidental things in your life are also saved. For instance, if you lose your civic liberties there is a society to save them for you; should you need to be defended there is a society to defend you, and, perchance, should you need to be imprisoned society itself will oblige you.

There are societies to see to it that you are born properly, to protect you from getting bad milk when you are a baby, from being spanked when you grow older, from straying off the straight and narrow path when you mature and from committing suicide when you should.

If you get sick or drunk or lost or "pinched" there is a society that will save you. If you are Irish, Jewish, Armenian, or Czecho-Slovakian and need relief, some one will relieve you.

No Chance to Go Wrong

There is a society to give you clothes when you lack them and another to take them away when you can spare them.

There is a society for free milk for Italy and temperance for Scandinavian sailors.

There is a society to save you from reading books that you should not read and from going places you oughtn't to, to save you from vice, poverty, sickness and the grave.

But if you finally escape all these societies and died there is one that will see to it that you are given a proper burial. And then, if that isn't enough, there is another that will investigate the activities of your soul in the life beyond.

In short, you can't go wrong there. Ya gotta be saved!

TRACTORS CROSS DESERT RAPIDLY

Caterpillar Trucks Crawl Over Sahara With 21-Day Record.

A new kind of caravan, composed of five little French caterpillar automobiles, has crossed the Sahara desert from Algeria on the North coast of Africa to French West Africa, making the 2,000-mile trip from Tugurt to Timbuctoo in 21 days.

Camel caravans require a minimum of three months to make the journey. These were the first automobiles to cross the Great Desert.

The tractors arrived in Timbuctoo making the last stage of the journey in a straight 27-hour non-stop run, the drivers of the cars working, eating and sleeping in relays.

The tractor expedition was organized by M. Citroen, a French automobile manufacturer, both from the standpoint of scientific exploration and experiment in automobiling. The expedition was headed by four men, one of them representing the French government. The chauffeurs were chosen for competence as mechanicians and also because of their powers of endurance, for the Sahara nights are as cold as the days are hot, the thermometer frequently dropping 75 degrees within a few hours.

Each of the automobiles was constructed somewhat differently from the other so that a practical demonstration might be made of various devices. Two of the cars were equipped with rapid-fire guns to ward off possible attacks by bandits. All the machines carried large tanks for oil, gasoline and water. In addition camel caravans had established supply bases along the route between Tugurt and Timbuctoo.

An American, William Wheelwright, introduced the telegraphic system into Chile, and organized the first steamship service between the west coast of South America and Europe.

Boils Quit Quick!

S. S. S. Will Prove to You in Your Own Case the "How" and "Why" of its Remarkable Blood-Cleansing Power!

There is a reason for everything that happens. Common-sense kills misery. Common-sense also stops boils! S. S. S. is the common-sense remedy for boils,

Pimples May be Small Boils!

because it is built on reason. Scientific authorities admit its power! S. S. S. builds blood-power, it builds red-blood-cells. That is what makes fighting-blood. Fighting-blood destroys impurities. It fights boils. It always wins! It fights pimples! It fights skin eruptions! It builds nerve-power, thinking power, the tight-fisted power that whirls a man up into success. It gives women the health, the angelic complexion and the charm that moves the world! These are the reasons that have made S. S. S. today the great blood-cleanser, body-builder, success builder, and it's why results have made tears of joy flow from the souls of thousands! Mr. V. D. Schaff, 557 15th St., Washington, D. C., writes:

"I tried for years to get relief from a bad case of boils. Everything failed until I took S. S. S. I am now absolutely cured, and it was S. S. S. that did it."

Try it yourself. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores in two sizes. The larger size bottle is the more economical.

S.S.S. *makes you feel like yourself again*

Spectacles On 10 days trial FREE

Don't Send Me One Penny

I am going to mail you a pair of latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, sight-improving spectacles absolutely free of charge.

This Is The Kind of Spectacle You Have Always Wanted

You can put on these latest-style sight-improving spectacles the first thing in the morning and wear them all day long for reading or looking away off in the distance, indoors or outdoors, anywhere, everywhere, in the house or at work—and I am going to send you a pair of these up-to-date glasses in a handsome heavy-rim 10-karat gold-filled spectacle frame with extra-long comfortable ear hooks, to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes—no matter how weak they may be from age—and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or to the Movies If You So Desire

If you like to go hunting occasionally, put on these latest-style sight-improving spectacles, go out into the woods some bright sunny morning and you will be delighted to find how greatly they help you in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game. Or, if you go to the movies once in awhile, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen look just as clear and plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, sight-improving spectacles.

Seeing Is Believing

Now I positively will not accept one single solitary penny from you until you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more sight-improving to your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price, before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, sight-improving spectacles, by mail, all charges prepaid to try fully 10 days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

Cut Out Coupon on this Line

AMERICAN SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 16
55th & Dorchester Ave., Chicago, ILL.

Gentlemen:—I want you to send me by mail all charges prepaid a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of your latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, sight-improving spectacles complete with an up-to-date leatherette spring-back pocket-book spectacle case which you are offering on ten days absolute free trial. I am going to try them out for reading or looking away off in the distance, for far or near, indoors or outdoors, anywhere everywhere and if I find them all you claim them to be after a ten days trial, I will send you your advertising price of two dollars and ninety-five cents ($2.95) and no more. I want you, however, to distinctly understand that if they do not restore the absolute perfect vision of my younger days, I will return them to you without a cent of pay, as I don't intend to keep them unless they are much better than any spectacles I have ever used before and you will have to take my word as final in this matter. Be sure to answer the following questions;

How old are you? Ans.....
How many years have you used glasses (if any)? Ans.....
Name .....
Post Office.....
Rural Route.....State.....
St. & No. (if any).....
County.....

No More Rupture— Sound as a Dollar

Ohio Man Finds Remarkable Device Which Succeeds Where Many Fail; Sample SENT FREE

This is an invitation that no man or woman in Toledo or vicinity who is suffering the terrible handicap of dangerous ruptures can afford to ignore. I want to send you, absolutely free, a sample of my latest Sponge Rubber Rupture Pad, that so many users say has, when fitted to their case, not only given them instant relief from all the tortures, dangers and discomforts of Rupture but has effected a complete, lasting recovery so that all evidences of Rupture is gone and they are in perfect health and as "sound as a dollar."

Don't say this is too good to be true. Try it. Send no money—just your name and address plainly written and say "I am ruptured"—and I will quickly send you a sample Sponge Rubber Rupture Pad and full particulars of my generous offer in a plain sealed envelope. Address E. H. Scott, Hernia Expert, 569-N, Scott Bldg., Akron, Ohio. Do this today—Before you forget. You may not see this notice again.

—Advertisement.

Lack of Appetite

When Due to Indigestion, Acid, Sour, Blonted Stomach, Is Restored By a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet After Meals.

When there is indigestion and the stomach does not seem to relish food it is a great mistake to starve or to use stimulants to force appetite. The best way is to woo the stomach back to health by giving it the help it needs, the alkaline effect that arrests acidity, prevents gassiness, belching, sour risings, flatulence, pressure that seems to crowd the heart and such distresses due to indigestion. Chew one or two of the large, white tablets after eating, no water needed, and the stomach settles down to restful digestion, you feel eased and comfortable and you get the good of food. You now tackle pie, cheese, pickles, sausage or anything you like without fear as you have the means to prevent the distresses arising from indigestion. Get a 60 cent box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets today of any druggist.

"Gets-It" Tames the Wildest Corn

You Can Peel Them Right Off

No matter how long you've had your corns, how bad they may be, whether hard or soft, or what you have tried, believe this—"Gets-It" will end corn pains at once, and quickly you can lift the corn right off the toe or foot, with the fingers. It ends callouses, the same simple way. Millions use it. Money back guarantee. Costs but a trifle—everywhere. E. Lawrence & Co., Mfr., Chicago.

TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

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We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1923

France might turn the Ruhr over to Henry Ford.

"Russia declares there is no God." And governs herself accordingly.

Prohibition enforcement is a nasty business, but not as nasty as the old liquor business.

Men are forever trying to get something for nothing, and the worst of it is they are getting the habit of asking the government for it.

If a man's wife says marriage is not a failure it isn't.

Lima Beane says the fellow who boasts of his family tree is mostly bark.

If there are more germs in a big town than in a little town there are more people to swallow them.

Another thing that talks all languages is the warship.

Now the government will have a lot of ships to junk, ships that cost millions, and the people will pay. That is statesmanship according to the gospel of the radicals.

Foreigners who don't like this country should shut up and get out. But they would rather stay and nag.

"This is a great country," says a paragrapher, "because it is not run on the European plan." It's great because it can keep the victims of the European plan from starving to death.

Man proposes more than he purposes.

We have seen a picture of Big Bill Haywood in the act of drilling Russian soldiers. And Big Bill was one of the soldier haters in this country. What is the world coming to?

The greatest comfort of the Darwin theory is that it has been a long time since we were monkeys.

Know thyself. But don't tell all you know.

Nobody has ever explained the mental processes that enable the minority to arrive at the conclusion that it possesses all the virtue extant.

One can't hallelujah vociferously over the rapid growth in population of the United States without first knowing how much of it can be counted on as American.

Close examination of the man who says civilization is a failure doubtless would reveal something wrong with him.

Now and then one of the two women kissing each other looks as if she enjoyed it.

"There are no pickpockets in Russia." Probably no pockets.

In a world that is upside down it ought to be easy to get at the bottom of the trouble.

Every European nation wants peace—each with its heel on the other nation's Adam's apple.

The people seemed more contented years ago, when everybody played tiddledewinks.

Though the auto goes into the ditch the mortgage remains intact.

In France the police are going to use laughing gas on criminals. In this country criminals laugh at the police without gas.

"Through personal investigation," says a university professor, "I have arrived at the conclusion that the man or woman possessing the largest nose will win in the world." An exciting thought. Winning by a nose means a close finish.

Retribution is not only a sleuth but judge and jury.

Selecting a wife ought to be easier than buying an auto. In picking a wife, there are no agents to befuddle the mind.

We suppose that when women get absolute equal rights a wife will be scared just as much as a husband if, in the course of events, she should accidentally drop something on the immaculate tablecloth that stains.

If a man is a failure, as some of us are, more or less, it wouldn't help any to change the Constitution.

Perhaps the Standard Oil companies pay their high officials what the high officials' wives think the husbands are worth. That would account for big salaries.

Much fault is found with the schools and colleges of the country, and perhaps some of the criticism is deserved. But we haven't heard of any young people really desiring an education quitting the schools and colleges to get it.

There is no romance in darning socks because every hole is a tragedy.

As an eyeopener matrimony doesn't always work until the honeymoon is over.

Late dependable estimates put the population of the United States at 110,100,000. Taken as a whole, our name is Legion. Individually, it is Unit.

A small salary has kept many a head from swelling.

Unwritten laws seem to command stricter observance than many that are down in black and white.

Though the majority may not be right all the time, it's the majority, and cannot be declared out of order.

If the bustle does return, as some pessimist has predicted, it can't be kept a secret.

When the Farmer Is Radical

The farmers of Oklahoma are very much allured with a scheme of government-guaranteed prices for cotton, corn and wheat. As they see affairs today, this plan is the only way out of that fog of depression which enwraps the farming industry as in a cloak of clammy, chilling darkness.

A congressman from South Dakota, whose constituency is almost entirely made up of farmers, declared that the rural credits bills in congress meant nothing. What the farmers need, he said, is not some means of borrowing more money, but means by which they can pay off their debts. This is the idea in the background of the Oklahoma plan—an expedient for bringing the returns of agriculture above the costs of production. Thirty per cent of the farms of that state are mortgaged. Wheat and corn were so low last season that many farmers turned their hogs and cattle into the fields of standing grain. During the period of inflation farmland rose from $75 per acre to an average of $187.50, and the investor in this high-priced land can get out now only at ruinous sacrifice. Standards of rural living are dropping. Where taxes were 40 cents an acre a few years since they now are $1 an acre.

It is only natural that Oklahomans are leaning toward policies which are thought of elsewhere as ultra-radical. Hard times are the golden age for radicals. So when these prophets go about the countryside, devoting one-fourth of their speeches to entrancing promises and three-fourths to the damnation of the federal administration, they obtain hearers and belief and admiration. Herbert Hoover has come to be held in detestation because he was connected with the United States Food Administration during the war when the movement of farm products toward the distant stars was checked. The Federal Reserve Board is blamed as the cause of deflation.

Oklahoma cast its first vote for president in 1908, taking the Democratic side. It was Democratic until the Republican landslide of 1920. Politicians say that if agriculture is still under a blight in 1924, Oklahoma will not vote Republican again or return to the Democratic fold, but will give its support to one of the radical political organizations.

Agricultural depression and discontent are the hardest of their kind to make an impression upon. The depression may be due to withering winds or withheld rainfall or overproduction or a weakening of the world's buying power. But the instinct of human beings is to curse other human beings for their troubles, not conditions of weather or trade. Kansans were convinced in 1893 that the money octopus was their ruin and would not see that what they called the money octopus was ruined along with them. Agricultural discontent, acting in the mass, makes itself felt in the mass. The natural conservatism of farmers will never be restored by persuasion, but only by the return of prosperity.

It seems to us very likely that the Oklahoma scheme for the government guarantee of farm prices will obtain many converts in other states in the next few months, assuming that the troubles of the farmers will go over into another harvest. It may go so far as to become an issue in the next session of congress. As the agricultural exports are about 48 per cent of the total American exports and the domestic prices hinge upon the foreign ability and willingness to pay, anyone can see that the proposed guarantee will be workable only if Uncle Sam stands ready to make up agricultural deficits. There is where the rub will come in congress.

The state of industry and the state of mind in Oklahoma are here taken as typical instances. They show us that political opinion will swing in the next few months upon the condition of the farmers—that radical activity in congress is to have a distinctly rural flavor if agricultural depression continues—that it should be to the interest of every American to lend aid to practical methods, as against fantastic and patchwork and mere temper-soothing methods, for bringing the farmers back to their prosperity.

Hunting for a Weak Sector

No one need take Senator Borah's attack upon the administration's Russian policy seriously. The fact that America has not recognized the soviet government has not been any check to the return to happiness to Russia. Had we officially recognized Lenine and Trotzky as a real and a worthy government the subjects of these dictators would not be better off by a paper ruble or a mouthful of sawdust bread.

The millions of dollars which this country spent upon the starving, the distribution of food among the famished instead of among grafting commissars, the medicines that were taken to the sick and the fuel that was provided to warm the bodies of little children—these are tangible things, infinitely better than credentials of recognition for a government whose place in history will have to do with statistics of the dead and not of the living.

The serious part of Senator Borah's two-hour attack upon the administration is that the attack has been made. It reveals the fact that the Borah-LaFollette outfit is feeling around for some weakness in the administration armor. It reveals the fact that those insurgents are not insurgents because of any bona fide opposition to the Harding policies, going over to the enemy by reason of strength of conviction, but because they feel that opposition can be made to pay politically.

Shortly after Mr. Harding's message had been delivered to congress last December one of the members of the LaFollette crowd was asked what he thought of the thing. "Rotten," he answered. "I didn't hear it."

That boils down the character of the congressional insurgency. It is not against the administration on account of opinions held. He formed his clique without defining wherein it differed with the administration. It is now engaged in trying to discover the kind of assault on the White House which will catch the public's fancy. If one kind isn't popular or fails to attract attention and favor it will be abandoned and another experiment will be made.

Opposition for opposition's sake is a pitiful form of politics, but it has its practitioners just as futurist art has its followers and there are people who will pay money to see a badger fight.

Tax Exempt Bonds

States and municipalities last year borrowed more than a billion and a quarter dollars. This was about as much as was borrowed in 1913, 1914 and 1915 combined, but it was a hundred million less than like borrowings in 1921. This debt represented bond issues, and these securities mean that a billion and a quarter dollars, plus interest, were withdrawn from our capital for investment in business.

A billion and a quarter dollars in one year alone were withdrawn from taxation because these securities almost without exception are exempt from taxes. Thus, in one lone year a debt of about $10 per capita was incurred, per capita meaning every man, woman and child in the United States. Federal debts and the mass of debts incurred by states and municipalities previous to 1922 are not included in this billion and a quarter. That is just one year's borrowing of part of the country.

State and municipal bonds sell easily. That is because generally they are sound securities and are exempt from taxation. The ease of sale is a temptation to issue these bonds, but that is not the main reason why this borrowing reached such huge annual proportions. It is because there is no easier way to fool taxpayers.

When the war came, costs rose. Much public work had to halt lest the public, groaning under taxes, revolt against new burdens. When peace came state and municipal borrowing jumped half a billion dollars in one year. Public work had to be resumed, yet taxes and costs of everything were high. So the state and municipalities began to open charge accounts with the future by issuing bonds. Running into debt this way did not show in the current tax rate.

They say that when a shepherd dog has tasted raw mutton he is ruined. When the watchdogs of our public treasuries tasted the raw mutton of easy borrowing, they proceeded nearly to ruin us. Upward soared the bonded debt total, all kinds of bonds, until the aggregate was so big that it meant nothing that any one except a financier or mathematician could appreciate.

That proposed federal constitutional amendment prohibiting the exemption features of these bonds is designed to cure this borrowing mania, bring up tax returns, and make more money available for industrial, agricultural and commercial purposes. Undoubtedly it would serve to correct this evil, but if it fail to win the necessary approval, there is yet another remedy not far off. That is the necessity for the payment of all this debt with interest by the taxpayers.

If that doesn't cure us of this borrowing habit, nothing will. The most effective governmental reforms originate in private pocketbooks.

Where the Burden Is

The sixteenth amendment grants congress the power to levy taxes upon incomes "from whatever source derived." But the supreme court has decided that this power cannot be extended to federal and state employes. It is important for citizens to keep this in mind. For whenever they vote for a proposition establishing a new state or federal office, whenever a state assembly adds to the number of state-paid employes, whenever a state university makes an addition to its faculty, just so many people are relieved of the necessity of paying taxes upon their incomes. The war costs must be paid off by someone. It follows that this burden must be borne the more by the taxpayers because a great body of other folk have no part of the burden to bear at all.

They have found the skull of a man that may be five hundred thousand years older than the skull of an erect ape-man found twenty-nine years ago. As a relative the monkey is getting farther and farther away.

One thing the matter with the world is that too many men are trying to pile up a few hundred million dollars, by hook and crook, before the millennium comes.

There are people who would feel tickled if they could find a place in history where George Washington told a lie.

It isn't probable America would miss much by closing the immigration gates for five years.

DANES ELIMINATE MIDDLEMAN

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

In the little old town of Hillerod, in the heart of the Island of Seeland, under the shadow of the mighty castle of Frederiksborg, erected by a king of Denmark when the Pilgrims were climbing out of the Mayflower onto Plymouth Rock, and the people of Denmark were practically slaves, I write of an egg.

It is a big egg, a fresh egg, and moreover an egg of pure gold. It is not, however, the golden egg thrown into fiction by that Danish creator of fairies, Hans Christian Andersen. That egg was laid by a goose. This is laid by a hen. I do not know whether she is a black Langshan, a Minorca, a Leghorn, or a white Wyandotte, but she is one of the 18,000,000 hens, each of which keeps dropping into the pockets of the Danes 200 to 250 eggs every year. I have already described how these farmers by co-operation, have eliminated the middle man in their buying. In this letter I would write something of their thousands of co-operative associations which eliminate the middle man in their selling, giving them the highest cash prices for all they produce.

The Helpful Hen.

We shall first visit the helpful hen in her home. She laid last year for export more than 600,000,000 eggs in addition to those consumed here in Denmark, and she has increased her annual product more than one-third since 1913. There are now something like 60,000 chicken farmers belonging to the Egg Export association, who raise their chickens according to rule and ship the product in common. They are combined into more than 500 local societies, to which each pays a fine of $1.38 every time he slips in a bad one. The constitution of each society provides that the members collect the eggs daily from the nests and deliver them weekly, and that no egg delivered shall be more than seven days old. Each society is numbered and the number must be stamped on each egg so that every bad egg can be traced back to the farm and almost to the nest in which it was laid. The result is that the eggs sold are uniformly good, and command the highest price on the market.

Along about two generations ago one could buy two eggs for a cent here all the year through. A little later steamers began to run direct from Copenhagen to England, and these cheap Danish eggs found favor there. Shortly after our Civil war, 1,000,000 eggs were exported, and they brought $8,000. Within 20 years the number had multiplied 100 times, and last year the exports included more than 621,000,000 eggs which netted seven or eight cents apiece. Today Danish eggs are sold all over England, and millions go to other countries as well.

A Danish Chicken Far.

During my automobile travels over Denmark, I have visited the chicken farms. Their owners combine this business with the raising of grain and root crops which are always fed to the cattle and pigs. The chickens are kept in yards surrounded by high fences of wire closely woven. Each pen is about 50 feet square. It is carpeted with grass, and in the center is a little red henhouse made of boards, about six feet in height, six feet wide and eight feet long. This contains roosts and nests. It has a number upon it, and by this number the chickens within are recorded in the stock books of the farm. Each pen contains a rooster and perhaps one dozen hens, and every hen has a little metal anklet about her right leg upon which is stamped her number so that the farmer can tell exactly to what extent she is earning her living. The chickens are fed on grain and chopped food. They have also cooked potatoes and tankage, and just the right proportion of crushed bone to supply the lime for egg shells. The business is carefully studied and the best breeds are chosen. One of the farmers I visited tells me his best layers are the white Leghorns, although he keeps also Plymouth Rocks, white Wyandottes, black Lanshans and Minorcas.

An Egg Export Society.

At Hillerod I visited the packing establishment of one of the egg-export societies. It is a long, low, one-story building filled with cases of eggs, each egg in its little pasteboard compartment like those used for shipping eggs in the United States. These cases come in from the farms. As soon as they arrive the eggs are taken out by young women, laid on a network of woven wire fitted into the top of a barrel over two incandescent light globes of 100 candle power. The room is dark, except for these globes, and the powerful light shines through the eggs, showing the least age or defect. Every egg which has not a translucent red color is taken out, those which are not perfect are set aside by themselves. If they are bad they are destroyed, and the farmer is fine $1.38 per egg. Some of the imperfect eggs are used for pickling, which means that they are packed away in vats of lime water, which serves the same purpose as cold storage, enabling them to be sold as pickled eggs during the Winter. After candling, the good eggs are sorted according to size and packed in excelsior. First comes a layer of excelsior and then a layer of eggs, followed by another of excelsior and another of eggs until they fill the box, which is about two feet wide, one foot high and perhaps five feet in length. The eggs are sold by the pound or by the score, and not by the dozen as with us. They are sometimes packed in small cases of 16 pounds each. They are then ready for shipment to England.

The manager of the society tells me he can easily decide the approximate age of an egg by its appearance over the electric light. He showed me how, in a perfectly fresh egg, the yolk lies in the center, and how each egg contains a little pocket of air which he says is placed there by the Lord to give breath to the baby chicken before it expans its lungs in the open. After the egg attains an age of a week or so the yolk is apt to leave the center, and drop down to the side of the shell, and there are other indications which show the number of days since the egg left the hen.

In a Co-operative Creamery.

It was just after 12 one day when Valdamar Hansen shut off the gas, and put on the brakes of our automobile in front of one of the Danish co-operative creameries. The employes, several men and a half dozen women were seated on the grass outside eating their lunch. We photographed them and then went with the manager inside to look at the separators in which the cream is taken out of the milk and at the great churns, each of which makes 400 pounds of butter in about 25 minutes. The cream is chemically soured, and churned the same day it is received. The manager tells me he handles the milk of 330 farmers and that the amount he receives that morning was just 20,627 pounds. The milk is paid for according to the butter-fat it contains, and most of the farmers test their own milk and some even keep a record of the percentage of butter fat in the milk of each cow. After separating, the skim milk is taken home to be fed to the hogs which later on are sold to the co-operative bacon societies for export to England.

Leaving the churning room we went into another concrete floored steaming compartment in which cream, after sterdization, is put up in half pint and pint bottles for export. By this time the women had come back to work, and we could see how the packing was done. Everything was exquisitely clean. The concrete floors are flooded and scrubbed every morning, the manager and the employes wear wooden soled shoes.

There are more than 1,200 co-operative dairy associations in Denmark, and the farmers belonging to them number about 200,000. They produced last year more than 200,000,000 pounds of butter and this was sold through the co-operative associations, so that it gave the farmer the highest price on the market. It brought in over $2,000,000 a week or more than $100,000,000 a year. The price of the butter was above 50 cents a pound. About $60,000,000 worth went to Great Britain, which is the chief customer for Danish bacon and butter and eggs.

Nevertheless it is only a few decades since Danish butter had the nickname "Forty-Rod." This came from the fact that it was so bad that the smell could be detected a city block away from where it was kept. The butter was not then known as Danish butter. It was sold to German middlemen of Kiel and Hamburg who exported it under the name of "Kiel Butter" to England where it brought about 12 cents a pound. Today there is no other land that exports butter so uniformly good as Denmark, and none has cows that produce so much all the year round.

The Danes pride themselves on the high average production of all of their cows rather than on that of any individual animal. Everything is measured by butter-fat and the average yield of all these cows entered on the official records is now about 400 pounds per cow for every 12 months. The average per centage of butter-fat exceeds four per cent.

Nevertheless Denmark has some good record cows. I have before me reports of two which competed for a silver cup prize some years ago. Each of these gave more than 40,000,000 gallons in the first three years of her milk producing life, and one, named Silke, yielded two pounds of butter a day for every one of the 365 days of her third year, with 33 pounds to spare.

Cows That Wear Overcoats.

The cattle of Denmark wear overcoats when it rains or the weather is cold, if they are out in the fields. I have described how they are kept in the stables day and night for seven months every year, and feed out of doors during the day for five months of the Summer. In their grazing they are not allowed to run wild. Each cow has her halter to which is fastened a chain eight feet in length tied to a stake in the ground so that she can feed only to the length of her chain. After she has cropped her circle as clean as though cut by a lawn mower, she moos loudly and I am told that the farmer knows from this signal that it is time to change her location. At any rate, he then come out with a maul like that with which one drives steel wedges in splitting logs. He pulls up the stake and leads the cow to a fresh feeding ground, where he pounds the pin down into the ground again. I took photographs of 10 cows and one bull feeding that way in an unfenced meadow. Each animal had a blanket of canvas covering all of its body but its head, neck and tail and legs below the knees. The cows mooed as we photographed them, thinking perhaps that we might be about to give them new circles of pasture.

The chief breeds of cattle here are the Red Danish and a breed of black and white especially adapted to Jutland. The first is the better. There are also a few Jerseys and some milking shorthorns. I saw some of the best Danish cows during a visit to the Kolle-Kolle farm, within 10 miles or so of Copenhagen. There were perhaps 100 in the stable and each weighed, I judge, under 1,200 pounds. I saw there also some high pedigreed Danish bulls. None of them was half as heavy as the $10,000 Shorthorn bulls on the Carpenter-Ross farm near Mansfield, Ohio.

People's High Schools.

Co-operation, such as is found here in Denmark, requires a high degree of education. The Danes are better schooled than any other people in Europe. Indeed, there are only two in a thousand of them who cannot read and write. This is a better showing than in England, Germany, France or Switzerland, and much better than in the United States where we have 77 in every thousand who are illiterate.

The Danish farmer is a good farmer because he has studied the branches that affect the expert production of the things he sells. In the words of Pope, he "holds the Eel of Science by the tail," and makes it work for him.

The country has schools of every kind. All children are compelled to go to school until they are 14 years of age, and their teachers are better paid and more respected than with us. The average farm boy has a course in an agricultural college after he leaves the common schools, and there are also people's high schools for the grown-ups.

The people's high schools are a special institution of Denmark. They are attended by the men in the Winter time when the farm work is light, and during the Summer by women and girls. The Winter term is from November to May. Most of the pupils live in or near the schools and they may have rooms and board in the establishment at very low rates. About three-fourths of the students belong to the middle class farmers, and small holders of land. Four-fifths of the students are from 19 to 25 years of age, but there is no age limit. A farmer can start in at any time and take a special course in almost any branch he chooses. There are more than 100 of these high schools in Denmark, and in addition there are 19 agricultural schools and schools of domestic science.

Schools for Wives.

There are also schools for wives or of household economics. These are attended largely by girls preparatory to or in anticipation of marriage. They teach everything connected with housekeeping and the purchase of domestic supplies. They are, in fact, somewhat like the domestic science schools and colleges of the United States. They are large and small, and public and private. I have visited several during this motor car ride. One, situated on the island of Seeland about 20 miles from Copenhagen, is surrounded by a beautiful garden. It consists of a large two-story house, divided up into living rooms, class rooms, and a large number of bedrooms. It has a commodious and well lighted kitchen in which at the time of my call 30 young Danish girls of from 18 to 21 years of age were engaged in the preparation of dishes of one kind or another. Some of them had their sleeves rolled up above their elbows and the faces of others were rosy from hanging over the stoves. Three were cleaning fish, a half dozen were peeling potatoes, and others with meticulous care were compounding the ingredients of sweetmeats and cakes.

CARPENTER'S WORLD TRAVELS.
Copyright, 1923, Frank G. Carpenter.

Danish Girls Are Trained for Marriage

—Copyright, Carpenter's World Travels.

YOUNG men in Denmark are sure of getting wives trained for their job if they marry girls from the many domestic science schools. As you can see by the inset photo of the Danish maiden, fair hair and blue eyes predominate. They get their training by actually running a house completely equipped from kitchen to parlor. The classes each contain 30 girls.

ABE MARTIN

Our way o' settlin' th' long or short skirt controversy would be fer th' girls t' alternate—short skirts in th' daytime an' long ones at night.

Mrs. Tilford Moots' uncle's newspaper office burned up out in North Dakoty last week an' he lost a practically new towel roller, a small printin' press an' nine big soft hats.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

Bragging

MY car is on the blink; it's built of tin and zinc, it isn't worth a cuss; but when, as night descends, I gossip with my friends, I boost that grand old bus. In ecstacy I say, "It is a splendid dray, it fairly splits the wind; it isn't much for looks; for pep and speed, gadzooks, it has all others skinned. Of winners it's the chief; it's never caused me grief in all its useful years; it fills my soul with thrills when it goes up the hills without a shift of gears." My car is the bum, its works are out of plumb, its cylinders all miss; it has a broken back, its wheels refuse to track—my friends are wise to this. Yet patiently they stand and smile while I outhand such fairy tales as these; they know my boast a fake, and yet they do not make a reference to cheese. My brags they do not quell, for they have tales to tell of wondrous cars they own, of knocking records cold, of triumphs manifold, to rend a heart of stone. Their cars are worse than mine, they all should stand in line upon the junkman's floor; but still the boys relate achievements high and great, and claim a first class score. We can't all ride in pomp, we can't all proudly romp in shining limousines; and if we're soothed within by boosting cars of tin, oh, who would spill the beans?

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JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

The Test of a Man

To have lived for the good of a cause; to have come through the test,
Tempted by promise of power, still true to your best;
To have felt the wind slash at your face and the cold and the rain,
And still to have cherished the faith above station or gain,
This—whether nation or state, whether city or clan—
This, in the eyes of the world, is the stamp of a man.

'Tis easy to fight for a cause with the throng at your side
And the multitude cheering you on with their eyes flashing pride,
But let the smiles turn into scorn and throats hurl derision at you,
Then it calls for a God-fearing man to stand straight and dare to be true;
It calls for a God-fearing soul who chooses to struggle and die
Rather than lower his best and live what he knows is a lie.

More clamorous often are friends, and sometimes more cruel than foes;
They will ask what a man should deny, and suggest what no foe would propose,
But he who would venture for truth, must hear only duty's clear call
And strike for the goal that he sees 'till the light shall be seen by them all.
To be tempted and cling to your best, to suffer and dare to be true,
This is the test of a man, this only a great man can do.

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A roof well covered with straw thatching may last as long as 80 years.

VARIETIES

It is said fogs may be dispelled by means of electric waves.

A 714-pound alligator at the Cincinnati zoo is 125 years old.

The enamel on teeth is the hardest tissue in the human body.

There are 5,500 noncommissioned officers in the American army.

San Jose, Costa Rica, has the finest opera house in the world.

Windsor castle has been a royal residence for more than 800 years.

The first woman's rights convention was established in Boston in 18[illegible].

The art of tinning iron appears to have originated in the sixteenth century.

A Chinese typewriter would seem to have about 2,000 keys on the board.

Small tides are caused in the earth's crust of the earth by the pull of the moon.

A Japanese girl is not permitted to sit with a man in a moving picture house.

A 30-cent American postage stamp of 1869 brought $1,750 when offered for sale.

Of every thousand marriages celebrated in London, 15 are between cousins.

The admiralty buildings, in Whitehall, London, are two centuries old this year.

In Ku, Central Africa, a couple must be engaged two years before marriage.

Women get old among primitive people much earlier than in higher civilizations.

The average cost of keeping a rat in the United States is about 50 cents a year.

It is said Egyptian girls are very pretty at 14, but immediately begin to fade.

China, with a population of 400,000,000, has a military man power of 15,000,000.

A nonbreakable watch "crystal" can be made from a piece of transparent celluloid.

To please the South Sea islanders a girl must be tattooed sky blue and wear a nose ring.

Only in the last 15 years or so has it been possible to bore holes through diamonds.

Policemen in Sweden receive extra decorations for their knowledge of foreign languages.

In Sicily, a young woman is usually wed at 15, that being the legal age for marriage.

Brewton, Ga., has a woman mayor and five women members of the board of aldermen.

Charcoal can be made from any kind of wood, but the quality varies with the wood used.

In the whole of England there are only a dozen women who are qualified to practice law.

A machine has been invented to wash the outside of railroad cars as they pass through it.

The pope's daily average of letters is 22,000, and these are dealt with by 25 secretaries.

Sugar cane waste is now being converted into a coarse form of board used in lining walls.

The total trade done in Toledo last year represents only about 1 per cent of the trade in 1913.

The first woman's club in the United States was founded in Boston by Anne Hutchinson in 1636.

The fusee still used in clocks is the original form was invented by Jacob Zech of Prague in 1525.

Algeria sheep are comparatively immune to anthrax, while all other sheep seem extremely susceptible to it.

It is estimated that the pressure at the center of the earth is between 4,000 and 10,000 tons to the square inch.

It is estimated that as much as 200 pounds of blood may be sucked from one cow in a single season by cattle ticks.

In Serbia and Bulgaria the girl who is not betrothed by her seventeenth birthday is regarded as hopelessly ineligible.

Antioch, in the fourth century believed to have been the first city to make any attempt to light its streets at night.

It has been estimated that sparrows save the farmers in the United States $35,000,000 every year by destroying weed seed.

Samuel Plimsol, in the middle of the nineteenth century, got the constructive marine laws through the English parliament.

The air is so clear in Zululand that objects of fair size can be distinguished at a distance of seven or eight miles by starlight.

Elevator screenings, which grain elevators have been paying to get rid of, have been successfully used to fatten sheep in Canada.

Soldiers of the British army get 51 cents worth of food a day. The cost of ration a day to a private in the French army is 33 cents.

Airplanes fitted as offices, with desks, typewriters, card-index cabinets, etc., are the latest developments in commercial aviation.

As much as eight pounds of tortoise shell may be obtained from one hawk's bill turtle, one of the marine turtles of the tropics.

A farm which raises diamond back terrapin for the market by thousands has been conducted for many years near Savannah, Ga.

To play a part in the filming of a famous play, the British admiralty lent a dreadnought complete with its complement of officers and men.

Interior China, with one doctor to every 400,000 people, has been a land of widespread misery, largely to ignorance and superstition.

Machines are now in use which wrap 1,5000 loaves of bread an hour, sealing them in waxed paper without their being touched by human hands.

Every form of lamp for use in mines is based on the design of Sir Humphrey Davy, whose principle was that flames will not pass wire gauze.

The distance between double stars, so close together that no telescope can separate them, can be accurately determined by means of the interferometer.

During his 30 years' pastorate of a Cincinnati church, a minister kept eight colonies of bees in the church tower. It is said they would range 50 miles for honey.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

BIRD OF THE POETS

BY MARTHA BOLDEN

SPRING is knocking to the page this week, subject dear to everyone's heart. Nobody can live on earth and not take an interest in the birds of the sky.

Such music as they sing in their flight, such beauty in their song, that it is no wonder that poets have been inspired to write their sweetest odes to the tiny songsters.

Perhaps the sky-lark is the most famous of the sky-birds. This little heaven-bird from the fields is so small that it is lost in the vastness of the sky when singing so it sounds as though a voice were coming from the sky itself. The lark flies almost straight up in the sky, its song growing louder as it rises, and when it drops, a veritable cascade of warbling descends as it nears earth.

When Aunt Martha was a little girl she used to sing a song in praise of the sky-lark. The words are pretty, and the right lilt or tune makes the words in a measure fit. At any rate they express what something like this:

Heaven scorns the sky-lark
Flings its joyful delight
Down from Rapture
Where its bright,
Bright heart
Is filled above me
Its song would heart
Grow dim and draw near Thee
Were it to depart."

Many of the poems written to birds have also been set to music. One such song was written by Adam de Wetteldorn, who was a minstrel in the early half of the 12th century. He was called the "Singer of Love" and we do not wonder at it when we read about the background of his home, which was "a garden where forget-me-nots and wild roses and hemp grew wildly and sweetly together. Fancy a delightful fragrance of blackthorn, lilacs and locust blossoms, mossy rocks, and the songs of wild flowers and birds! There were also bushes and silver streams where many birds came, and he loved by Bernart, when he was the sky-lark. Later he wrote his "Lark Song"—

"I behold, an eager wing,
Sky-lark soaring to the sun,
Now with rapture faltering,
Now in glad oblivion;
Now I long to seek were I,
Take of fire;
I know not why
It melts not with its desire!"

Because the lark lived in their country may be the reason that many English poets have written verses inspired by the lark and the nightingale. It is interesting to compare the different natures of the poets by the meaning of their songs of the feathered songsters.

Shakespeare mentions the lark many times in his poems. In "Cymbeline" he gives, in his stately way, a beautiful morning scene:

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies."

Again in "Romeo and Juliet" the most expressive thing he could have said to denote the heartache of the youthful maiden was:

"It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps."

Naturally, the poets of the 19th century, belonging to the romance period, and far more sentimental than the poets of today, would get more out of a few lines written to the lark than the more material poets of today.

Wordsworth hears the lark in his poem and envies it—hopes for higher raptures when life is done—

"Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to my mind!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must tread;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on;
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done."

To give the world such a song as the sky-lark sings was Shelly's wish:

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

The melancholy poet, Keats, compares his sorrows with the joy of the nightingale:

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn."

Robert Browning's song from "Pippa Passes" is, perhaps, the most familiar to everyone. It is so full of happiness that it approaches somewhat the song of the bird. With this poem the cousins can welcome Spring to our page and hope that our absorbing new subject, "birds," will make this season happier for all of us:—

"The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Our Three Congresswomen

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GROWING in numbers, the congresswomen are proving that "where there's a will there's a way." They are making good, too, and we are happy to have such representative women as the three standing together on the steps of the nation's Capitol, from left to right, Mrs. Winnifred Mason Huck of Illinois, Mrs. May Ella Nolan of California and Miss Alice Robertson of Oklahoma.

Talks on Fine Arts

Art.

Nearly all the articles in the collection of Egyptian antiquities in the Chicago Institute of Art, from the small scarabs and ushebtis, or charms, up to the larger objects, including the mummies, are originals and not reproductions. Among the objects you may see is a coffin which antedates the period of decorated mummy-cases and is undoubtedly of the time of Abraham, about 2000 B. C. This is some 900 years earlier than the time of Tutankhamen.

It is of cedar and is in an excellent state of preservation. A few small pieces of mummy cloth lie upon top of the coffin lid. Another coffin in the same gallery shows the high development to which Egyptian art had attained a thousand years later. This coffin, made in the time of King David, 1000 B. C., is elaborately painted and the use of gesso is profuse.

The original white of the background has shaded into yellow through great age, and the blue has become a shade of green. The coffin was made for Nesi-pa-hir-het, treasury scribe of the estate of Amen. It is made of the "cedars of Lebanon," covered with stucco elaborately painted with Egyptian scenes, and varnished. The face, hands and feet were carved out of separate pieces of wood and fastened on with wooden pins.

There is also a magnificent collection of royal seals, about 650 in number, one of the rarest and most complete series in existence, surpassed only by the museum at Gizeh, Egypt. It is practically complete, dating from the time of Mena, the earliest known earthly potentate, down to the Christian era, when ancient Egypt passed out of history. The scarabs are made of a great variety of stones and gems, and bear the cartouche, or signet, of the monarch whom they represent.—Chicago Art Institute Art News Letter.

Music.

In this week's Poets' Corner we have the poem "The Boys" by Oliver Wendell Holmes, which was requested for publication by one of our readers. This poem was given by Oliver Wendell Holmes in an address at a reunion of his graduation class from Harvard college, 30 years after "the boys" had separated. It is interesting to note that several of his college chums and classmates found not a little fame, and among others he referred to in his poem was Samuel Francis Smith, author of "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

Samuel Francis Smith was born in Boston in 1808, and was graduated from Harvard college in 1829. He edited and wrote for several religious publications and will always be loved by his countrymen for writing the oft sung and much loved national song, which he adapted to the tune "God Save the King."

Literature.

Somehow the approach of Spring calls up a picture of a lumbering English stage-coach through whose windows a half dozen genial faces are peering at the blossoming hedgerows and steaming black fields.

Under the table go "Babbitt" and "Main Street" and out of the old secretary we take the immortal "Pickwick Papers" by Charles Dickens.

Open the book anywhere, launch into it, and the kilowatts will burn merrily—on in the reading lamp before you lay aside the entrancing volume.

Accompanied by his friends, Mr. Winkle, the sportsman; Mr. Tupman, the ladies' man; Mr. Snodgrass, the poet, and his inimitable valet, Sam Weller, Mr. Samuel Pickwick, retired business man, embarks on his adventures for the edification and mental uplift of the Pickwick club. His philosophical reserve was not sufficient to prevent him from participating wholeheartedly in the escapades of his young friends and in some on his own account.

The "Papers" do not cram a moral down one's throat. The jovial adventures have no other purpose than entertainment. Following are a few samples of the merriest of the anecdotes—charge of the militiamen on Mr. Pickwick and his friends, the hunting party in which Mr. Winkle shows himself to be a better man than rook-hunter, the tumultuous election of the Blues and Whites in which the entire party get thrown into jail, the breach of promise suit in which Mr. Pickwick is the defendant and his subsequent stay in the debtors' prison because of his stout refusal to pay an unjust judgment.

"Pickwick Papers" is a fine "flu-time" story.

POETS' CORNER

The Boys

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys
If there has take him out without making a noise
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite
Old time is a liar! we're twenty tonight.

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—young jackanaps—show him the door
Gray temples at twenty?—Yes white if you please
Where the snowflakes fall thickest there nothing can freeze.

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake.
We want some new garlands for those we have shed
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick we young fellows you may have been told
Of talking in public as if we were old
That boy we called Doctor and this we call Judge.
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow the speaker the one on the right
Mr. Mayor my young one how are you tonight?
That's our Member of Congress we say when we chaff
There's the Reverend—what's his name—don't make me laugh.

That boy with a grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book
And the Royal Society thought it all true
So they chose him right in—a good joke it was too.

There's a boy we pretend with a three-decker brain
That could harness a team with a logical chain
When he spoke of our manhood in syllable fire
They called him the Justice but now he's the Squire.

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free
Just read on his medal "My Country of Thee."

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun
But the angels laugh too at the good he has done
The children laugh loud as they troup to his call
And the poor men that know him laughs loudest of all.

Yes we are boys—always playing with tongue or with pen
And I sometimes have asked shall we ever be men
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood its gold and its gray
The stars of its winters the dews of its May
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys
Dear Father take care of Thy children, The Boys.

Charles Guiteau

Come all the tender Christians and hear what I have to say,
And likewise pay attention to a word from me today:
For the murder of James A. Garfield I am condemned to die
On the thirtieth day of June upon a scaffold high.

My name is Charles Guiteau; the name I'll never deny
I leave my aged parents in sorrow here to die
How little they thought that I when in my youthful bloom
Would be taken to a scaffold to meet my fatal doom.

In the city of Washington on the second of July
In eighteen and eighty-one with expectations high,
The president was leaving; he thought his cares would fly.
But I thought I'd spoil his pleasures and shoot him down to die.

'Twas down at the depot; I tried to make my escape,
But Providence being against me I found I was too late
And so I came to prison all in my youthful bloom
And now upon a scaffold I'll meet my fatal doom.

I tried to play insane, but found that would not do,
For the people were against me, and so was the jury too
Judge Cox read the sentence, and the clerk wrote it down soon
That I was to be hanged till dead on the thirtieth day of June.

My sister came to prison to bid her last farewell
She threw her arms about me and bitterly did wail
Said she "My darling brother, today you'll surely die
For the murder of James Garfield upon a scaffold high.

Lines on a Skeleton

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot.
Nor Hope, nor Love, nor Joy, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But, start not at the dismal void—
If social Love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke!
Yet gentle Concord never broke!
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eeternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?—
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed,
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

The Silent City at Greenwood

There's a city vast yet voiceless
growing ever street on street
Whither friends with friends are meeting, ever meeting, never greet.
And where rivals fierce and vengeful calm and silent mutely meet
Never greeting ever meet.

There are traders without traffic, merchants without books or gain,
Tender brides in new made chambers, where the trickling water stains,
Where the guests forget to come, and strange listening silence reigns,
Listening silence ever reigns.

Ships sail by this silent city, but their owners quiet lie
And no signals fly from topmast against the glowing crimson sky,
Telling the ungrateful owners that his well built Argosy
For the fleece is sailing by.

Here the belle forgets the fashion, heedless of her snowwhite dress,
All unheeded now the toilet, free ungathered lock and tress
None here flatter face or figure, none come fondly to caress,
Tresses flow and none caress.

Hushed are all these many mansions, barred and bolted door and gate
Narrow all the walls and earthly, and the roof-trees steep and straight,
Room for all the high and lowly, rich and poor here equal mate,
Equal dwell and equal mate.

Flowers are blooming near these mansions, kissed by loving dews at night,
Breathing softly round their porches, flowing through the cooling light,
Pealing from their bells sweet music—pealing odors pure and white,
Pealing only to the night.

Here each keeps his well ceiled dwelling, fearing naught of quarter day
Here no landlord duns the tenant and no tenant moves away,
Dwelling ever unevicted, dwelling on from May to May
Paying never quarter day.

Beckons over this mute city to its comrade living gay,
To its comrade laughing loudly sitting on the pulsing bay
Drawing from its masqueraders pale white specters day by day,
Specters now, men yesterday.

Thus two cities grow forever parted by a narrow tide,
This the shadow, that the substance, growing by each other's side,
Gliding one into the harbor and forever more shall glide,
Gliding ever side by side.

Kinds of Words

A noun's the name of anything;
As school or garden, hoop or swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun;
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand;
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.
Verbs tell of something to be done;
To read, count, sing, laugh, jump or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell:
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.
They also mark the when and where;
As now, tomorrow, here or there.

Conjunctions join the words together;
As men and women, wind or weather.
The preposition stands before
A noun; as in or through a door.

The interjection shows surprise:
As Oh! how pretty! Ah, how wise!
The whole are called nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

—Sent to the daddie who helps the kiddies—from Virginia Creeper.

Poems Wanted

The following songs and poems have been requested for publication in the Poets' Corner: Brasstown Valley; Brave Kate Shelly or Honey Creek Bridge; Tobe's Monument; Which Shall It Be, Which Shall It Be, with the words, "I looked at John and John looked at me;" Aux Italiens; The Thief on the Cross; Asleep in Church; The Bell of Atri; Kentucky Belle, beginning, "Summer of '63, sir, and Conrad had gone away, Gone to the country, sir, To buy our first load of hay;" Margery Grey, a legend of Vermont; We'll Exchange the Green Laurel for the Orange and Blue; The Starless Crown; Ingersoll's Tribute to His Brother; Waiting, by John Burroughs; The Dying Alchemist; Frayers and Potatoes; Kipling's Female of the Species; Life's Railway to Heaven; The Alpine Storm; Six Feet of Earth Makes Us All of One Size; The Dream of Eugene Aram; The Two Serpents; Sofie Jacabowski; The Witch Song; The Oxford Girl; Young Johnny Collins; When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Rose; Friends of Long Ago; Bonnie Sweet Bessie or The Maid of Dundee; Ben Purtle's Courtship (prose); A Rainy Harvest; Down in a Peaceful Valley; An April Shower, by Opie Reed; the author of the song, "The Deserted Lover;" A Diamond in the Rough Is a Diamond Sure Enough; The Battle of Manila, by Dr. Sprague; Texas Ranger; Turn Back the Universe; Barbary Alice; Meet Me in the Moonlight; Arkansas Traveler; Tennessee Moon; Once I Stepped Into a Boat, child's song.

Chat With Cousins

Usually the newspapers are weeks ahead of Spring in the announcement of its approach, but this year our readers caught us napping in February, for here Spring is, first robin, first dandelion, first Spring story and all—that is, all but the first Spring poem. Some of the poems this week sound like the dreariest, coldest, bleakest days of mid-Winter, and Aunt Martha almost shivered when she copied them. Please, oh please, ask for some jolly ones for the coming happy days of bird songs and blossoms.

Little Susie's daughter has written us asking for a review of an old story. It sounds interesting and we hope somebody will give us the review. We quote from her letter:

"My mamma wants me to ask if anyone remembers a story that was in The Blade at the time McKinley was running for governor of Ohio. The name of the principal character was Lide McElroy. She and her father were Republicans and her suitor was a Democrat. The result of his suit for her hand was finally made to depend on the election. My mamma asks if it is possible that anyone still has this story or can give a review of it on our page. She also would like to hear from Aunt Sallie of Tennessee again. She thinks she is her twin—April 19.

Mrs. Robert Ackert of Pa. wrote some time ago to thank you all for sending her so many cards and letters. Merry Mary is her twin, and she is glad, and she wants to thank Mr. and Mrs. Buckeye Rambler for their encouraging letter. In fact, she wished that she could express her thanks to all of you who remembered her, for the days have been hard with the ugly wound which makes it impossible for her to use her eyes to write you all.

Sunshine Sallie knows that this zero weather won't last long now. How does she know? Because Mr. Robin told her so. He has been sitting in the tree tops in her yard for more than a week. Sallie's favorite tree is the evergreen and her favorite flower the rose. And her hobby, memorizing quotations from poetry.

Wasn't that the best idea of Bird Scribe's for us to keep a diary about birds? It looks as though this Spring was going to be better than ever on our page. Seems like we have more fun all the time and we do think of the nicest things to do. Wish we could print bird pictures in color on the page, but our descriptions will have to be the next best thing. Watch out, scatter the crumbs and get the diary ready.

One of our readers have asked again and again for a poem, "Little Things" by Charles Mackey, and is still desirous of getting the poem if possible. The words of the verses are as follows:

A traveler down a dusty road—
Strewed acorns o'er the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
The door-mouse loved its cooling shade,
The birds sweet music bore;
It grew a glory in its place,
A blessing—evermore.

One of our readers who knows that Aunt Martha's favorite author is Dickens, has sent us a charming book review of "Pickwick Papers," which we are using in the column "Talks on Fine Arts," this week. We are sure that you will all enjoy it and wish that some of the rest of you would feel free to review more books for us.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Without the love of books the richest man is poor; but endowed with this treasure of treasures, the poorest man is rich.—J. A. Langlord.

PSYCHIC GENIUS.

You need not rush around to find me a seat. I wall stay beside Auntie and Mr. Waste Basket. You see we are friends, and I have an engagement with Mr. W. B. Turn about is fair play, you know, and he got my last letter.

Say, Topsy of W. Va., are you from Spencer, W. Va.? How about it, Topsy? Know me? And also isn't Don Quixote from that place called Richmond, W. Va.? Or am I wrong? Gwan, I will not tell who you are, Don, so you are safe for some time yet.

Aspodel of W. Va., come again. That was a lovely letter.

"?" of Michigan, I too say so few of us notice the splinters of our success ladder until we slide downward.

Music to me is the greatest of comforts. Was it not sad that Schumann should be so hurt that he could not play? But you know that Beethoven was blind. "Traumerei" by Schumann, Auntie spoke of not long ago, surely is the "loveliest" piece of music and surely does express feeling. How many of you have heard it?

Sunny Jim of Maryland, won't you please come again to our circle?

Just a Kid, come too.

I will give my place to some one more important.—Just a Thorn from Rosedale.

TALK ABOUT EXCITEMENT.

Waste Basket, step aside,
Let me enter at the door,
Lest you meet sudden death
From this 'ere 44.

Folks, shoot up your hands,
Be sure you keep them high,
Unless there be some here
That really want to die.

You may believe this all a joke,
And think it very tame,
And maybe not the proper place
To stage a holdup game.

I'll not take your pocketbooks,
Neither watches, jewels or rings,
Nothing that's of any value,
But just some worthless things.

Girls, I want your powder puffs,
So hand them over quick
Also your eyebrow pencils,
Face paint and lipstick.

You girls are silly creatures
Always on extremes
Following some foolish fashion,
Or so to me it seems.

Now that I have these things
I'll take them to my flivver
And then I'll spin along
And dump them in the river.

Waste Basket, you may take your place
But don't make much ado
If you so much as blink an eye
I'll take a shot at you.

Now I'll make myself scarce
At this particular spot
If you wish me to call again
Whistle for—Don Quickshot.

WE KNOW SECRET AMBITION.

Puff, puff, pant, pant! Well, here I am cousin, after nearly running myself to death. Being a stranger and afraid of old Mr. W. B., I ran almost every step of the way in my hurry to gain the protection of Auntie and the cousins. Please give me a seat for (secret) I am fat and very tired.

After I saw Fred Sleath's letter, I had to write. Shake, Fred, I am a native of dear old W. Va. and ever ready to stand up in her defense.

The cousins' letters surely are interesting and I enjoy reading them. Well, well, so Bachelor Billy is married after all those frightful speeches about the "gals." Who was it said "Wonders never cease?" Cousins, you remember Billy's letter of Christmas, 1922. What a deluge of answers he received. He threatened never to sign his name "Bachelor" again. Evidently he has kept his word.

Hurry up, King Philip, and come again. A king is always having adventures. Please tell us about them.

J. V., you would not have the heart to desert us now so lay aside your French dictionary and send us a real American letter.

Don Quixote, you interest me for you have sounded my secret ambition, though if you have as many trials as the poor knight did, your life is not an enviable one.

What has become of Farmer Gal? Wake up, Farmer. It soon will be Spring and you should have your hoe sharpened for work.

Oh, my goodness—look at that old cross-eyed waste basket. How hungry he looks! Probably he is thinking what an appetizing dinner I would make.—Blackeyed Susan.

NEWSBOY JOINS COUSINS.

This is my first letter to The Blade. I am eager to become better acquainted with my cousins. I have read their letters with interest.

I am 12, and I live in the little town of Dansville, in the beautiful Genesee valley of New York. Not very many cousins write from New York, so I am going to show you that it is on the map.

I am in the first year of junior high school and my occupation is carrying newspapers. I have a bank account and expect to keep it. During my vacation I try most everything in the line of sports. In the Winter I do a lot of skiing, which I think is one of the best sports. I have taken many spills, but I am getting so I can ski well.

I agree with A. Lehman of Pa., when he says that elm trees are among the prettiest trees. We have one in our school yard and it is being carefully cared for by the Dansville people. It is a very graceful tree. I think it is cruel to chop down a pretty tree. If it were not for the trees we would not have the streams and creeks that we have. Therefore I think we should save them. Have I a twin? I will be 13 on Oct. 18.—Newsboy of N. Y.

SLEIGH BELLS SOUND GOOD.

May I come in? I would like to have a seat by Rilia of Engleside. She has my idea of an ideal home.

Zip—I just dodged in time. Mr. Waste Basket was looking for me. I must hurry on or I will be caught napping.

How many of you cousins have read all of Zane Grey's books? I have read them all and I like them very much, especially "Betty Zane." I like Gene Stratton Porter's books, also Harold Bell Wright's and Eleanor H. Porter's books.

Do any of you big boys and girls like to go coasting? I have never outgrown that. If the Dream Ship were sailing now I am afraid she would get crushed between blocks of ice. While we are stopped I will take you coasting and skating if you remain long enough. We may even plan a moonlight sleigh ride to some distant town. How does that suit you? If you are not satisfied you deserve a good snow-balling by—Sunny Sue of Pa.

To Clean Coarse Paint

First go over it with a cloth dipped in kerosene to loosen the smoke and grime. Then rinse with half teacup of kerosene in one gallon of water and wipe dry with a soft cloth.

Mixing With Martha

Sunday Night Supper.

Club Sandwich
Ice Cream Cake
Coffee

Club Sandwich.

Toast two slices of bread and cover them thinkly with mayonnaise dressing. Place two slices of chicken, white meat only, on one piece of toast. On top of this place one or two lettuce leaves and sprinkle some salt over it. Put the other piece of toast on top of this and press the sandwich together and trim nicely, and cut sandwich in two triangles. Serve warm. Sometimes thin slices of bacon, sliced tomatoes and sliced pickles are added to the club sandwich.

Another variation of this sandwich is a great deal of trouble and may possibly be more fun to read about than to prepare. Your Aunt Martha once had one at the Tip Top Inn in Chicago, and was "properly impressed." The room itself was interesting, for the walls were decorated with pictures of Dickens' characters and here and there were appropriate quotations from his books. The inn overlooks Lake Michigan across the boulevard. The sandwich was supposed to be an entire lunch served in tiers. The top was a tiny circle of toast on which was spread caviar. The next layer of toast was a trifle larger and enclosed pickles and bacon, then tomato sliced thin. Each piece of toast was a trifle larger than the one on top, forming a pyramid. White meat of chicken was next to the last and last was a luscious slice of cooled pineapple. Of course great care must be taken to serve these sandwiches immediately after they are prepared. Men say they don't like them, but we notice that they always eat every bite and actually look as though they were enjoying them. Men won't admit that they like anything fussy, but we women know what's good—don't we?

MERRY-GO-ROUND

One should take good care not to be too wise for so great a pleasure of life as laughter.—Addision.

GIVE US THE COUNTRY!

Spring comes to the city as well as to the country.

This fact has been pretty generally overlooked by poets and novelists who always describe Spring in the usual terms of swollen streams, daffodils peeping through the snow and budding fields. Maybe our country cousins would like to hear about the coming of Spring in the big cities.

Spring is officially announced by the "ground-hog" story in the newspapers that is invariably written by some individual who doesn't know what a ground-hog looks like, and has to inquire whether or not it is in a tree or in the ground. This is followed several weeks later by a "robin" item telephoned in by some one whose yearly thrill is to see or imagine he spies the first robin.

The department store windows begin to glow with the lighter hues of Spring apparel for men and women, whose price-marks radio a message to the onlooker that is not heralded by the cold.

Stocks in the larger playhouses grow more and more commonplace and the plays in the legitimate theaters offer scenery worn from a long Winter's jaunt across country.

Real estate and automobile salesmen emerge from their desks with glad cries of prospects. Columns on the sporting pages of newspapers lengthen and the headlines become blacker as the manager of the local baseball organization reports the acquisition of this or that new player and indulges in a prediction for a pennant of good measure.

Flat dwellers, grumpy from a long Winter of ill-heated rooms and poor janitor service, feverishly scan the papers and cross-examine their friends for rumors of new places of abode.

Women's clubs draw near to the finishing Alfred Noyes and Masefield papers in their Winter's toil over the British poets, while men's luncheon clubs are resoluting about the next annual convention.

Promoters of special "weeks" begin to get their advertising campaigns on the billboards; coal dealers lose their pestered look and jauntily count their Winter's gains as the gaunt sassafras man from the country wends his way through the office buildings peddling his bunches of aerid herbs.—A City Cousin Who Loves the Country.

GET RID OF THAT FAT

Free Trial Treatment on Request

Ask also for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. My treatment is a simple, scientific and efficient method of fat reduction. It has often reduced at the rate of a pound a day. Mrs. E. Bateman writes—*Have taken your treatment and it is wonderful how it reduces. It does just as you say. I have reduced a pound a day and feel fine.* Anna Schmidt writes—*I weighed 178 when I started your tratmat and now weigh 138 pounds. You may print this if you like.*

These are just examples of what my treatment can accomplish. Let me send you more proof at my expense. Dr. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician 126 Fifth Av., New York, Desk N1002

BIRD DIARY—GOOD IDEA

I am glad my letter stirred some others to write about birds, and I hope we will hear from all the states on this subject.

It is a splendid habit for all to keep a bird diary, so much more interesting than the ordinary, "I went to school today" and "It is cold today" kind. So why not all of us get ready for the birds' home-coming this Spring and keep notes, with dates and observations day by day?

Sometimes in Summer we hear such a volume of song burst forth from some thicket or tree-top, that we wish we could capture it and reproduce it at will. And again, the beauty of their coloring, so pleasing to our eyes, makes us long to have their lovely presence in our homes. But very few ever thrive in captivity.

I remember my father returning from a trip, once told of seeing and hearing a catbird sing a medley of other bird songs, from its cage, in a hotel where he was stopping, and he told me if I would get a young catbird he would buy a gold cage for it. I donned rubber boots and waded up the creek, under low hanging willows, searching every step of the way for that nest. But I did not find any.

Some of the neighbors at different seasons had tame crows, and one neighbor had a tame blue jay, but I never had even a tame crow. Once we thought we were going to have an indigo-bunting for a pet, as we had found one while picking berries. Borrowing a cage from a neighbor we placed the baby bunting inside, and then, thinking it was hungry, we fed it blackberries on the end of a steel knitting needle and inserting it between the wires. It was great fun to see it grab for the berry and every time we drew near the bunting's mouth would fly open eagerly, and we thought it must be filled. Unthinkingly we overfed the birdling and poor baby bunting died. This was out last attempt to tame any of our feathered friends.

As for their songs, we have concluded that they never could sing so gloriously sweet indoors as out there in the open, where with feet wet with early dew, appetites satisfied with early worms, bathed in morning sunshine, all in tune with the rapture of Summer, they pour forth their anthems of praise to our Heavenly Father, the giver of "every good and perfect gift."—Bird Scribe of Pa.

SPRING IS COMING.

G. G. W., Winter and snow generally mean more than sleds, skates and skils. At least it does here. We have had snow nearly every Sunday. We all have colds, some have pneumonia, and a few have the grippe. I don't blame you, Locust Blossom and Jim of Kentucky for wanting snow, for you are probably wishing for Winter as badly as I am for Summer.

Wasn't that the greatest—the fashion men thinking we wear aprons all the time? We do wear them often, but who doesn't?

I am sure all the cousins like the Talks on Fine Arts. They are very interesting.

As I promised not to stay long, I will leave you, and give my place to Keystone Lassie.—Your Cousin Flossie.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Relieved of Nervousness and Other Distressing Ailments by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brooklyn, N. Y. — "I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four years ago, and am taking it now for the Change of Life and other troubles and I receive great benefit from it. I am willing to let you use my letter as a testimonial because it is the truth. I found your booklet in my letter box and read it carefully and that is how I came to take the Vegetable Compound myself. It has given me quiet nerves so that I sleep all night, and a better appetite. I have recommended it already to all my friends and relatives."—Mrs. ENGLEMANN, 2032 Palmetto St., Ridgewood, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the woman suffering from nervous troubles causing sleeplessness, headache, hysteria, "the blues," Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will be found a splendid medicine. For the woman of middle age who is passing through the trials of that period, it can be depended upon to relieve the troubles common at that time.

You should give it a fair trial now.

RIMROCK TRAIL

BY J. ALLAN DUNN
(Copyright, 1921, Doubleday Page & Co.)
(Copyright, 1922, J. Allan Dunn.)

Continued From Last Week.

"Experience," said Mormon, with a yawn, "may teach a man somethin' about mules but not wimmen. Woman is like the climate of the state of Kansas, where I was born. Thirty-four below at times and as high as one-sixteenth above. Blowin' hot an' cold, ranging from a balmy breeze through a rain shower or a thunder-storm, up to a snortin' tornado. Average number of workin' days, about one hundred an' fifty. Them's statistics. It ain't so hard to set down what a woman's done at the end of a year, if you got a good mem'ry, but tryin' to guess what she is goin' to do has got the weather man backed off inter a corner an' squealin' for help. They ain't all like Kansas. My first resembled it, the second was sorter tropic—she run off with a rainmaker an' I hear she's been divorced three times since then. Mebbe that's an exaggeration. My third must have been born someways nigh the no'th pole. W'en she got mad she'd freeze the blood in yore veins.

"No, sir, that feller in the po'try who says, 'I learned about wimmen from 'er,' was braggin'. Now, this gal of Casey's 'pears like what her dad 'ud call a good prospect, but you can't tell. Fool's gold is bright enough but you can't change it to the real stuff no matter how you polish it."

"Ever see the sour-milk batter Pedro fixes fo' hot cakes?" asked Sam.

"Sure I have. What's that got to do with it?" demanded Mormon.

"That's what you've got sloppin' inside of yore haid 'stead of brains. Yore disposition concernin' wimmen is gen'ally soured. You 'mind me of the man from New Jersey who come out West to buy a ranch. A hawss throwed him five times handrunnin'. He ropes a steer that happens to run into the bum loop he was swingin' an' it snakes him out'n the saddle. A pesky cow chases him when he was afoot, a couple calves gits a rope twisted round his stummick an' lastly a mule kicks him into a bunch of cactus. Whereupon he remarks, 'I don't figger I was calculated for runnin' a cattle ranch,' sells out an' goes back to herdin' muskeeters in New Jersey.

"Mormon, you warn't calculated to handle wimmen. This li'l' gel is game as they make 'em, an' I reckon she's right sweet if she on'y gits a chance. Leastwise, I see several signs of pay dirt this afternoon an' evenin' as I reckon Sandy done the same. She's been trailin' her dad all over hell an' creation, talkin' like him, swearin' like him, actin' like him. Never see nothin' different. All she needs is a chance."

"What's the idee in pickin' on me?" asked Mormon aggrievedly. "She's as welcome as grass in Spring. They ain't no one got a bigger heart than me fo' kids."

"No one got a bigger heart, mebbe," said Sam, caustically. "Nor none a smaller brain. All engine an' no gasoline in the tank!"

"She's an orphan," went on Sandy. "She ain't got a cent that I know of. The claims her old dad mentioned ain't no good because, in the first place, they'd have been worked if they was; second place, they're over to Dynamite an' the sharps say Dynamite's a flivver. All she has in sight in the dawg. Some dawg! Comes in from the desert an' takes us out to her an' Pat Casey—him dyin'. Ef it hadn't been fo' the dawg, she'd have stayed there, to my notion. Got some sort of idee she'd deserted ship ef she hadn't stuck till it was too late fo' her to crawl out of that slit in the mesa. She's fifteen an' she's got sense. I figger we better turn in right now an' hold a powwow with the gel ter-morrer."

"Second the motion," said Sam.

"Third it," said Mormon.

And the Three Musketeers of the Range went off to bed.

CHAPTER III.

Molly.

Molly came down next morning in the faded blue gingham. Sandy marked how worn it was and marked an item in his mind—clothes. He smiled at her with the sudden showing of his sound white teeth that made many friends. She was much too young, too frank, too like a boy to affect him with any of his woman-shyness. He did not realize how close she was to womanhood, seeing only how much she must have missed of real girlhood.

Molly had a snubby nose, a wide mouth, Irish eyes of blue that were far apart and crystal clear, freckles and a lot of brown hair that she wore in a long braid wound twice about her well-shaped head. She was a combination of curves and angles, of well-rounded neck and arms and legs with collar-bones and hips over-apparent, immature but not awkward.

None of the three partners observed these things in detail. All of them noted that her eyes were steady, friendly, trusting, and that when she smiled at them it was like the flash of water in a tree-shady pond, when a trout leaps. Grit, entering with her, divided his attentions among the men; shoving a moist nose at last into Sandy's palm and lying down obedient, his tail thumping amicably, as Sandy examined the tape protectors.

"You lie round the ranch for a day or so," he told the collie, "an' you'll be as good as new."

"Fo' a sheepdawg," said Mormon, "he sure shapes fine."

Molly's eyes flashed. "He don't now he's a sheepdawg," she protested. "He's never even seen one, 'less it was a mountain sheep, 'way up against the skyline. Samson liked him. Don't you like him?"

"I like him fine," Mormon answered hurriedly. "Fine."

"Ef you-all didn't, we c'ud shack on somewheres. I c'ud git work down to the settlemints, I reckon. I don't aim to put you out any. I've been thinkin' erbout that. 'Less you should happen to want a woman to run the house. I don't know much about housekeepin' but I c'ud l'arn. It's a woman's job, chasin' dirt. I can cook—some. Dad used to say my camp-bread an' biscuits was fine. I c'ud earn what I eat, I reckon. An' what Grit 'ud eat. We don't aim to stay unless we pay—someway."

There was a touch of fire to her independence, a chip on the shoulder of her pride the three partners recognized and respected.

"See here, Molly Casey" — Sandy used exactly the same tone and manner he would have taken with a boy—"that's yore way of lookin' at it. Then there's our side. You figger yore dad was a pritty good miner, I reckon?"

"He sure knew rock. Every one 'lowed that. They was always more'n one wantin' to grubstake him but he'd never take it. Figgered he didn't want to split any strike he might make an' figgered he w'udn't take no man's money 'less he was dead sure of payin' him back. Dad was a good miner."

"All right. Now, yore dad believes in them claims. The last two words he says was 'Molly" and 'mines.' I give him my word then and there, like he would have to me, to watch out for yore interests. My word is my pardners' word. I'm willin' to gamble those claims of his'll pan out some day. Until they do, ef you-all 'll stay on at the Three Star, stop Mormon stompin' in from the corral with dirty boots, ride herd on Sam an' me the same way, mebbe cook us up some of them biscuits once in a while, why, it'll be fine! Then there's yore schoolin'. Yore dad 'ud wish you to have that. I don't suppose you've had a heap. An' you sabe, Molly, that you swear mo' often than a gel usually swears."

She opened her eyes wide. "But I don't cuss when I say 'em. An' I don't use the worst ones. Dad w'udn't let me. I can read an' write, spell and cipher some. But Dad needed me more'n I needed learnin'."

"But you got to have it," said Mormon earnestly. "S'pose them claims pan out way rich and you git all-fired wealthy? Bein' a gel, you sabe clothes, di'monds, silks, satins an' feather fuss. You'll want to learn the planner. You'll want to know what to git an' how to wear it: Won't want folks laffin' at you like they laffed at Sam, time he won fo' hundred dollars shootin' craps an' went to Galveston where a smart Alec of a clerk sells him a spiketail coat, wash vest an' black pants with braid on the seams.

"Sam he don't know how to wear 'em, or when. His laigs sure look prominent in them braided pants. Warn't any side pockets in 'em, neither, fo' him to hide his hands. Sam's laigs got warped when he was young, lyin' out nights in the rain 'ithout a tarp'. That suit set back Sam a heap of money an' it ain't no mo' use to him than an extry shell to a terrapin."

He grinned at Molly with his face creased into good humor that could not be resisted. She laughed as Sam joined in, but the determination of her rounded chin returned after the merriment had passed.

"If you did that—took my Daddy's place," she said, "why, we'd be pardners, same as him an' me was. When the claims panout, half of it'll have to be yores. I won't stay no other way."

The glances of the three partners exchanged a mutual conclusion, a mutual approval.

"That goes," said Sandy, putting out his hand. "Fo' all three of us. When the mines are payin' dividends, we split, half on 'count of the Three Star, half to you. Providin' you fall in line with the eddication, so's to do yore dad, yo'se'f an' us, yore pardners, due credit when the money starts comin' in. Sabe?"

"I don't sabe the eddication part of it," she answered. "Jest what does that mean? I don't want to go to school with a lot of kids who'll laf at me."

"You don't have to. As pardners," Sandy went on earnestly, "I don't mind tellin' you that the Three Bar has put all its chips into the kitty an', while we figger sure to win, we can't cash in any till the increase of the herds starts to make a showin'. Not till after the Fall round-up, anyway. So yore eddication'll have to be put off a bit. Meantime you'll learn to ride an' rope an' mebbe break a colt or two, between meals an' ridin' herd on the dirt. When you start in, it'll be at one of them schools in the East where they make a spechulty of western heiresses. How's that sound?"

"Sounds fine. On'y you've picked up Dad's hand to gamble with. Mebbe it ain't yore game, nor the one you'd choose to play if it wasn't forced on you."

"Sister," said Sam, "yo're skinnin' yore hides too close. Sandy 'ud gamble on which way a horn-toad'll spit. It's meat an' drink to him. We won this ranch on a gamble—him playin'. He gambles as he breathes. An' whatever hand he plays, me an' Mormon backs. Why, if we win on this minin' deal, we're way ahead of the game, seein' we don't put up anythin' in cold collateral. It's a sure-fire cinch."

"Sam says it," backed Sandy. "One good gamble!"

Molly's eyes had lightened for a moment, losing their gloom of grief they had held since the shadow of the circling buzzards in the gorge had darkened them. She fumbled at the waistband of her one-piece gown, working at it with her fingers, producing a golden eagle which she handed to Sandy.

"That's my luck-piece," she said. "Dad gave it to me one time he cleaned up good on a placer claim. Nex' time you gamble, will you play that—for me? Half an' half on the winnin's. I sure need some clothes."

The glint of the born gambler's superstition showed in Sandy's eyes as he took the ten dollars.

"I sure will do that," he said. "An' mighty soon. Now then, talk's over, all agreed. Won't be back much before sun-down. Mormon's he's goin' to be middlin' busy, too. Riders won't be back till dark. No one about but Mormon, Pedro the cook, an' Joe. Rest up all you can. I'm goin' to bring yore dad in to runnin' water."

Tears welled in Molly's eyes as she thanked him. Again Sandy saw the girlish frankness change to the gratefulness of a woman's spirit, looking out at him between her lids. It made him a little uneasy. The men went out together, walking toward the corral.

"Sam an' me's goin' to bring in what's left of Pat Casey, Mormon. Wagon's kindling', harness is plumb rotten. Ain't much to bring 'cept him, I reckon. We'll take the buckboard, with a tarp' to stow him under. Up to you to knock together a coffin an' dig a grave under the cottonwoods an' below th' spring. Right where that li'l' knoll makes the overflow curve 'ud be a good spot. Use up them extry boards we got for the bunk-house. Git Joe to help you. No sense in lettin' the gel see you, of course."

"Nice occupation fo' a sunny day," grumbled Mormon, but, as the buckboard drove off, he was busy planing boards in the blacksmith shop, with the door closed against intrusion.

Mid-afternoon found him with the coffin completed. He rounded up the half-breed to help him dig the grave, first locating Molly in a hammock he had slung for her in the shade of the trees by the cistern. He had furnished her with his pet literature, an enormous mail-order catalogue from a Chicago firm. It was on the ground, the breeze ruffling the illustrated pages, lifting some stray wisps of hair on the girl's neck as she lay, fast asleep, relaxed in the wide canvas hammock, her face checkered by the shifting leaves between her and the sun.

Mormon could move as softly as a cat, for all his bulk. There was turf about the cistern, he had made no sound arriving, but he tiptoed off, his kindly mouth rounded into an O of silence, his weather crinkled eyes half-closed.

"She's jest a baby," he said, half aloud, as he passed beyond the trees to where Joe waited with pick and spade.

The soil was soft and clear from stone. An hour sufficed to sink a shaft for Pat Casey's last bed. Mormon carefully adjusted the headboard he had fashioned from a thick plank, to be carved later when the lettering was decided upon. This done he buckled on the belt he had discarded, from which his holster and revolver swung. Sandy carried two guns, his partners one, habits of earlier, more stirring days, toting them as inevitably as they wore spurs, though there was little occasion to use them on the Three Star, save to put a hurt animal out of misery, or kill a rattlesnake.

Moisture steamed from Mormon's face, patched his clothes as the heat and his exertions temporarily melted some of his superfluous adiposity. Joe, his mahogany face stolid as a wooden carving, rolled a cigaret.

"I sure hate to see a nameless grave," said Mormon.

"Si, Senor," Joe's amiability agreed.

"You go git a dipper. I'm drier'n Dry Crick. Fetch it full from the spring. The half-breed ambled off. Mormon wiped his face with his bandanna. Suddenly his big body stiffened. He heard Molly's voice from the cistern, frightened, then storming in anger. Mormon ran at a sprinter's gait from the cottonwoods, along a side of the corral, through the trees bordering the cistern. The girl was out of the hammock, facing a man in riding breeches and puttees, his face concealed for the moment by his hands. A sleeve of the girl's frock was torn away, the outworn fabric in streamers. The man's hands came down and Mormon recognized him for Jim Plimsoll, owner of the Good Luck Pool Parlors, in the little cattle town of Hereford, where faro, roulette, chuckaluck and craps were played in the back room, owner also of a near-by horse ranch. There was blood on his face, the marks of finger nails.

Plimsoll jumped for the girl, caught her by one arm roughly. She struggled fiercely, silently, striking at him with her free fist. Mormon's gun flashed from its sheath as he shouted at the man. Plimsoll wheeled, releasing Molly. His dark face was livid with rage, a pistol gleamed as he plucked it from beneath the waistband of his riding breeches. The turf spatted between his feet as Mormon fired.

"Got the drop on ye, Jim! Nex' shot'll be higher. Shove that gun back. Now then," as Plimsoll sullenly obeyed, "what in hell do you figger yo're doin'?" Mormon's jovial face was tense, his voice stern and cold, he stood crouched forward a little from the hips, his legs apart, his gun a thing of menace that seemed to be alive, snaky.

"Keep still!" he ordered, walking toward the pair, his gun covering Plimsoll, the cheery blue of his eyes changed to the color of ice in the shade, the pupils mere pin-pricks. Molly glanced at him once, fingers caressing her bruised arm.

"He kissed me while I was asleep, the damned skunk!" she flared. "I'd sooner hev rattlesnake pizen on my lips!" She stopped rubbing the arm to scrub fiercely at her mouth with the back of her hand.

"It ain't the first time I've kissed you," said Plimsoll. "Yore dad didn't stop me from doin' it. I didn't notice you scratching like a wildcat, either. Where's your dad? And where do you come in on this deal between old friends?" he demanded of Mormon.

"Her dad's dead," said Mormon simply. "Molly is stayin' fo' a spell at the Three Star. Sandy Bourke, Sam Manning an' me is lookin' out fo' her, an' we aim to do a good job of it. Sabe?"

Plimsoll's thin - lipped mouth sneered with his eyes.

"Gone in for baby-farming, have you, or robbing the cradle? Who's playin the king in this deal? I ————." The leer suddenly vanished from his face, the tip of his tongue licked his lips. Mormon's gun was slowly coming up level with his heart, steady as Mormon's gaze, finger compressing the trigger.

"The law reckons you a man—so fur," said Mormon. "Yore pals 'ud jack a jury to hang me fo' shootin' the dirty heart out of you, but—ef you ever let out a foul word or a look about that gel, I'll take my chance of their bein' enough white men round here to 'quit me. There ought to be a bounty on yore scalp an' ears. You hear me, Jim Plimsoll, I'm talking straight. Now git, head yore hawss fo' the short trail to Hereford an' keep travelin'. Pronto!"

Plimsoll's pony was standing under the trees and the gambler turned and, with an attempted laugh, swaggered toward it.

The threat to his personal safety, his desire to fling a sneer at Mormon, seemed to have halted any correlation of the statement concerning the death of the girl's father until now.

"If that's true about your dad," he said, "I'm sorry. How did he die?"

Sensing the hypocrisy of the shift to sympathy, the girl took a step forward. Mormon's pupils contracted again; his finger itched to press the trigger it touched.

"It's none of yore business," said the girl. "You git."

Plimsoll's eyes shifted to Mormon's big body, stiffening to the crouch that prefaced shooting. He faced toward the trees again, flinging his last words over his shoulder.

"None of my business? I don't agree with you there, you little hell-weasel. Your father and me had more than one deal together. You and I may have to do business together yet, Molly mine!"

Molly's teeth showed between her parted lips, her fingers were hooked. Mormon anticipated her indignant leap. His gun spurted fire, the expensive Stetson broadrim seemed lifted from Plimsoll's hair by an invisible hand. With the report it sailed forward, side-slipped, landed on its rim, perforated by a steel-nosed thirty-eight caliber bullet.

"I give you last warnin'," roared Mormon.

Plimsoll sprang ahead like a racer at the starter's shot, snatched at his hat, missed it, let it lie as he ran to his horse, mounted and went galloping off. Mormon holstered his gun and swung about to Molly, standing with crimson cheeks, blazing eyes and a young bosom turbulent with emotions.

"I wisht you'd killed him. I wisht you'd killed him'" she cried. "I wisht I had a gun—or a knife! I hate him—hate him—hate him! When he says he was ever in a deal with Dad, he lies. Dad stood for him and that was all. He purtended to be awful strong for Dad, purtended to be fond of me, jest to swarm 'round Dad, for some reason. Brought me a doll once. I was thirteen. What in hell did I want with a doll?" she panted. "I burned the damn thing that night in the fire. He kissed me an' Dad seemed to think I owed it him for the doll. I nigh bit my lip off afterward. I wisht your first shot had been higher, or yore second lower, Peters."

"Call me Uncle Mormon, Molly. I had all I c'ud do not to make it plumb center, li'l' gel, but the jury'd ring in a cold deck on me if I had. He's sure some snake. But we'll take care of Jim Plimsoll, yore Uncle Mormon, with Sam an' Sandy."

Patting Molly's shoulder, Mormon smiled at her with his irresistible grin, and she reflected it faintly as she tucked in the remnants of her torn sleeve.

"That's the only dress I got till Sandy Bourke wins me some money," she said. "You sure are quick, Uncle Mormon, when you git inter action. An' you can shoot some."

"I reckon I coil up tight, between times, like a spring. Used to be pritty light an' limber on my feet oncet. As for shootin', I wish Sandy 'ud been here. He'd have shot both the heels off that fo'flusher, right an' left, 'thout you ever see his hands move. I ain't so bad, Sam's better, but we had to throw a lot of lead in practise. Sandy shoots like he walks or breathes. It comes natcherul to him, like Sam's ear fo' music. I've allus 'lowed Sandy must hev cut his teeth on a cartridge."

His arm around her shoulder, purposely chatting away, Mormon led Molly toward the ranch-house, waving off the half-breed who came toward them, his dipper of the spring water half emptied in the excitement. Plimsoll's horse was stirring up a dust-cloud on the way to Hereford, other puffs, far-away toward the range, proclaimed that the buckboard was on its way with its funeral freight.

The body of the old prospector was lowered into the grave with the last of the daylight. The raw scar of the grave was covered with tufts Mormon ordered cut by the half-breed. Molly Casey walked away alone, her head high, the corner of her lower lip caught under her teeth, eyes winking back the tears. It was the headboard that had forced her struggle for composure. Mormon had marked on it, with the heavy lead of a carpenter's pencil:

PATRICK CASEY
lies here
where the grass grows
and the water runs. He
looked for gold in the desert
and found death.
Buried June 10,
1920

"Ef that suits you," he told Molly, "they's a chap over to Hereford who's a wolf on carvin'. My letterin's punk. When yore mines pay you c'ud have it in stone."

"You-all are awful good to me," was all she could trust herself to say. Each of the Three Musketters of the Range felt a tug to take her in his arms and comfort her. Instead they looked at one another, as men of their breed do. Sam pulled at his mustakche. Mormon rubbed the top of his bald head and Sandy rolled a cigaret and smoked it silently.

Molly had no supper that night. Before dawn Sandy thought he heard the door of her room open and soft footfalls stealing down the stairs. When he went later to the spring he found the grave covered with the wild blooms that the girl had picked in the dewy dawn.

CHAPTER IV.

Sandy Calls the Turn.

It was a week after Plimsoll's dismissal from the Three Star premises, that one of the riders, coming back from Hereford with the mail, brought rumors of a new strike at Dynamite. Neither of the partners paid much attention to a report so often revived by rumor and as swiftly dying out again. But the man said that Plimsoll had stated that he expected to go over to the mining camp in the interests of claims located by Patrick Casey in which he had a half interest, by reason of having grubstaked the prospector.

"There's the thorn under that saddle," said Sandy to Mormon. "That's what Jim Plimsoll meant by his 'deal.' I don't believe he'd stir up things unless he was fairly sure there was something doin' oveh to Dynamite. He may be wrong but he usually tries to be safe."

"Molly's father located Dynamite, didn't he?"

"So she tells me. Hopeful, as he called it. Seems he picked up some rich float. This float was where a dyke of porphyry comes up to the surface an' got weathered away down to the pay ore. Leastwise, this was her dad's theory. He told her everything he thought as they shacked erlong together, I reckon, an' she remembers it. He figgers this sylvanite lies under this porphyry reef, sabe? Porphyry snakes underground, sometimes fifty feet thick, sometimes twice that, an' hard as steel. Matter of luck where you hit it how fur you have to go. Cost too much time an' labor an' money for the crowd that made up the rush to stay with it, 'less some one of them hits it at grass roots an' stahts a real boom atop of the rush. They don't an' Hopeful becomes Hopeless. Me, I got fo'-five chances to grubstake in that time, but I'm broke. I reckon Casey's claims, is the pick of the camp. Not much doubt, from what I pick up, that he was sure a good miner. One of the ol' Desert Rats that does the locatin' fo' some one else to git the money.

"Molly ses her dad never grubstaked. She don't lie an' she was close to the old man. Mo' like pardners than dad an' daughter. Plimsoll smells somethin'. Figgers there's somethin' in the rumor an' stahts this talk of bein' pardners with Casey 'cause there's a strike. Me, I'm goin' to take a pasear to town soon an' I'll have a li'l' conversation with Jim the Gambolier."

"Count me in on that," said Sam.

"Me too," said Mormon.

"Can't all three leave the ranch to once," demurred Sandy.

The half-breed came sleepily round the corner of the ranch-house and struck at the gong for the breakfast call. The vibrations flooded the air with wave after wave of barbaric sound and Joe pounded, with awakening delight in the savage noise and rhythm, until Sandy, after yelling uselessly, threw a rock at him and hit him between the shoulders, whereupon the light died out of his face and he shuffled away.

With the boom of the gong, daylight leaped up from the rim of the world. In the east the mountains seemed artificial, sharply profiled like a theatrical setting, a slate-purple in color. To the west, the sharp crests were luminous with a halo that stole down them, staining them rose. With the jump of the sun everything took on color and lost form, plain and hills swimming, seeming to be composed of vapor, the shapes of the mountains shifting every second, tenuous, smoky. The air was crisp, making the fingers tingle. The riders came from their bunk-houses, yawning, sloshing a hasty toilet at a trough with good-natured banter, hurrying on to the shack, where Joe tendered them the prodigious array of viands provided by Pedro, who waited himself on the three pardners and the girl at the ranch-house. The smell of bacon and hot coffee spiced the air. Sam, twisting his mustache, led the way.

"Smells like somethin' in the line of new bread to me," he said. "Bread or—it ain't biscuits, Molly?"

"Sure is." Molly came in with a plate piled high with biscuits that were evidently the pride of her heart. "Made a-plenty," she announced. "Had to wrastle Pedro away from the stove an' I ain't quite on to that oven yet, but they look good, don't they?"

"They sure do," said Sandy, taking one to break and butter it. The eagerness with which his jaws clamped down upon it died into a meditative chewing as of a cow uncertain about the quality of her cud. He swallowed, took a deep swig of coffee and deliberately went on with his biscuit. Mormon solemnly followed his example while Molly beamed at them.

"You don't say they're good?" she said.

"Too busy eating," said Sandy. And winked at Sam.

Molly caught the wink, took a biscuit, buttered it, bit into it.

Camp-bread and biscuits, eaten in the open, garnished with the wilderness sauce that creates appetite, eaten piping hot, are mighty palatable though the dough is mixed with water and shortening is lacking. As a camp cook, Molly was a success. Confused with Pedro's offer of lard and a stove that was complicated compared with her Dutch kettle, the result was a bitter failure that she acknowledged as soon as her teeth met through the deceptive crust.

Molly was slow to tears and quick to wrath. She picked up the plate of biscuits and marched out with them, her back very straight. In the kitchen the three partners heard first the smash of crockery, then the bank of a pan, a staccato volley of words. She came in again empty-handed, eyes blazing.

"There's no bread. Pedro's makin' hot cakes." Then, as they looked at her solemnly: "You think you're damned smart, don't you, tryin' to fool me, purtendin' they was good when they'd pizen the chickens? I hate folks who act lies, same as them that speaks 'em."

"I've tasted worse," said Mormon. "Honest I have, Molly. My first wife put too much salaratus an' salt in at first but, after a bit, she was a wonder—as a cook."

Molly, as always, melted to his grin.

"I ain't got no mo' manners than a chuckawaller," she said penitently. "Sandy, would you bring me a cook-book in from town?"

"Got one somewheres around."

"No we ain't. Mormon used the leaves for shavin'," said Sam. "Last Winter. W'udn't use his derned ol' catalogue."

"I'll git one," said Sandy. "Here's the hot cakes."

They devoured the savory stacks, spread with butter and sage-honey, in comparative silence. There came the noise of the riders going off for the day's duties laid out by Sam, acting foreman for the month. Sandy got up and went to the window, turning in mock dismay.

"Here comes that Bailey female," he announced. "Young Ed Bailey drivin' the flivver. Sure stahted bright an' early. Wonder what she's nosin' afteh now? Mormon—an' you, Sam," he added sharply, "you'll stick around till she goes. Sabe? I don't aim to be talked to death an' then pickled by her vinegar like I was las' time she come oveh."

To Be Continued.

Brooklyn, N. Y., 40 years ago earned its enviable name of City of Churches, with one place of worship for every 2,191 inhabitants; today there is only one for every 4,370 persons residing in the borough.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

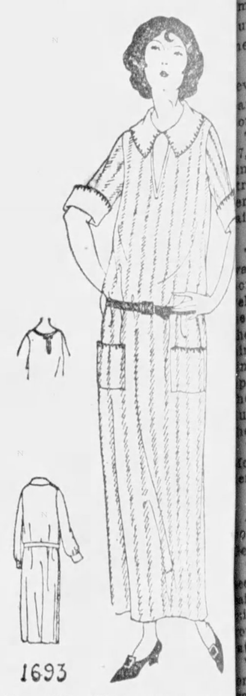
WE are trying to attract the attention, this week, of the mature woman who does not mind being a bit stout. She knows she is strong enough to bake cookies and endless pies and cakes for the kids, but just the same she likes to dress with becoming lines which will emphasize that she is no longer a slim princess like Miss 1692.

Funny how a craze will spread over the country. Now it is bandanna, in silk, which must be wrapped about throat of the young miss. Any color will do, and it can be tied in front or on the side, it even jumps down to the waist line for a change. The effect of the handkerchief ties is very smart and it pleases the college girl "who loves to be in style."

Spring suits are once more in order and are prettier than ever. The three-piece suit is popular especially if made of bright colors, much in vogue now.

1686

No. 1686—Style for Stout Women—The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. The medium size requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard 22-inch contrasting and 8¾ yards of braid.



1693

No. 1693—Slip-on Dress—The pattern for this pretty easily made dress cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred). For a medium size, you would need 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ⅝ yard contrasting material.

1688

No. 1688—Sleeveless-Jacket Suit—The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. As illustrated, this model calls, in medium size, for 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material with 1¾ yards 36-inch contrasting material.

1676
Fans630

No. 1676—Charming Frock for College Girl—The pattern cuts in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; only 3½ yards of 40-inch material is needed to make this dress in the medium size.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

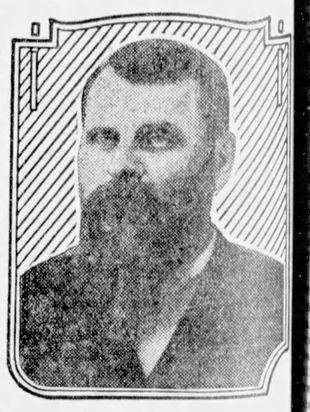
MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Not More Than One Free Trial Bottle To Any Family

Anyone anywhere can have one free bottle of Syrup Pepsin — What is your address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grown-ups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL, Originator of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

Yes, Dr. Caldwell Took His Own Medicine

Dr. Caldwell knew what old people suffered with their bowels, for he was a family physician for 47 years; born in 1839. No remedy is better for old people than his own Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and here is why: it is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

Who Needs Syrup Pepsin?

We will send a free trial bottle of Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness and the many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way write for them.

Send for a Free Trial Bottle

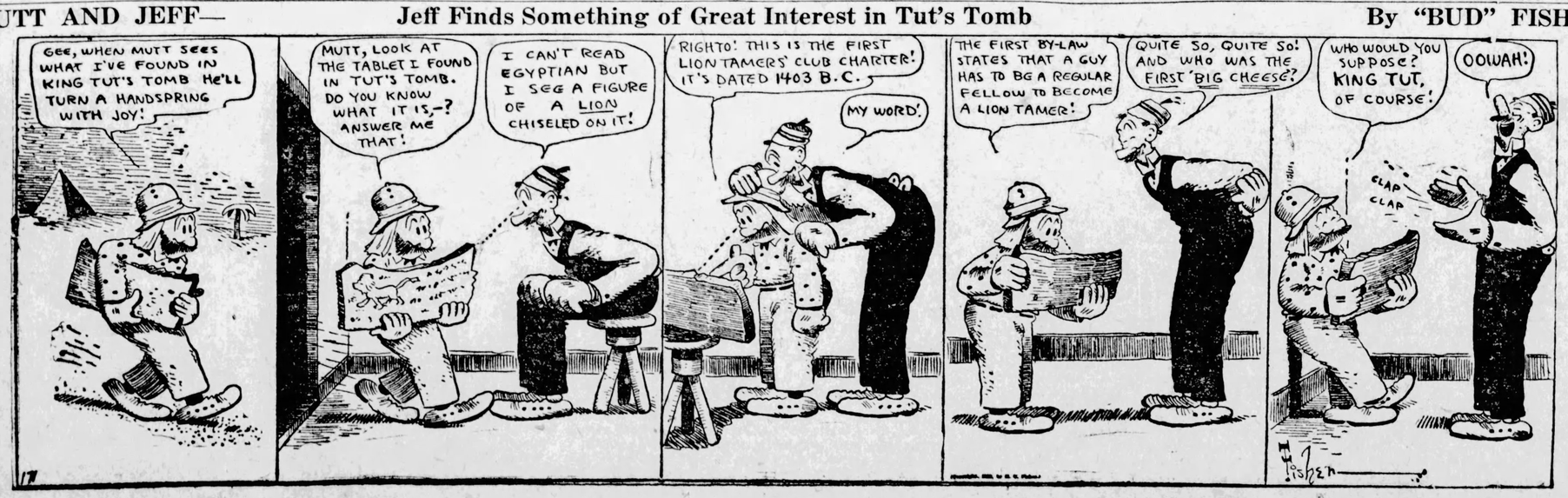
In spite of the fact that Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every drug store in the U. S. we want you to become acquainted with it at our expense, and then if you find it as claimed, buy it of your nearest dealer. Just now send your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself. Many thousands of these bottles have been given and we know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Write today, simply addressing your envelope as shown in the coupon.

"Syrup Pepsin", 423 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois
I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.

Name.....
Street or R. F. D.....
Town and State.....

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO A FAMILY

MUTT AND JEFF— Jeff Finds Something of Great Interest in Tut's Tomb — By "BUD" FISHER


GEE, WHEN MUTT SEES WHAT I'VE FOUND IN KING TUT'S TOMB HE'LL TURN A HANDSPRING WITH JOY!
MUTT, LOOK AT THE TABLET I FOUND IN TUT'S TOMB. DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS,—? ANSWER ME THAT!
I CAN'T READ EGYPTIAN BUT I SEE A FIGURE OF A LION CHISELED ON IT!
RIGHTO! THIS IS THE FIRST LION TAMERS' CLUB CHARTER! IT'S DATED 1403 B.C.
MY WORD!
THE FIRST BY-LAW STATES THAT A GUY HAS TO BE A REGULAR FELLOW TO BECOME A LION TAMER!
QUITE SO, QUITE SO! AND WHO WAS THE FIRST BIG CHEESE?
WHO WOULD YOU SUPPOSE? KING TUT, OF COURSE!
OOWAH!
CLAP CLAP

RAZED VETERAN GHTS POLICE

Bluecoats Held at Bay; Ex-Soldier Believed Himself at Verdun.

wounded and shell shocked war of the World war, under an mination that he was fighting ering Germans" at the Ver- front, wounded two police- and his brother, and held half ndred policemen at bay for hours in Cleveland, despite a ge of pistol shots and "tear

e insane veteran, John Weitzel, a member of the Fifth division, was captured through the of Captain William McMas- and was confined in the county

Waved White Shirt.

capture came after Weitzel driven to a window by the gas s. He waved a white shirt and d that he surrendered. When used to throw his gun out of indow the police fired to drive back into the "tear gas." Mean- Captain McMasters had crept he stairs, where he had been in the hand by Weitzel earlier s the siege, and rushing into om and overpowered the man. hadn't the heart to shot him," ters said. "He got that way ing his country."

Believed Germans.

the county jail Weitzel told the that he thought they were ans.

he shots and bombs made it just like the Verdun front," he Then again I thought they take me back to that terrible ment hospital. I would be shot than go back there." itzel, frail and wan from his illness from shell shock and a d in his side, collapsed at the

trouble started when two dep- sheriffs tried to arrest him on sanity charge. He evaded them police came last night.

olceman Henry Krofke knocked door and was answered with hot that struck him in the hip. bert Weitzel, a brother, ap- d a moment later, and was shot ge the cheek.

Locked Himself In.

you're another of them," the an said, and locked himself his mother and sister in the

hour later West 46th street virtually a battlefield. Shots exchanged and then the "tear s" were brought into play. ne hours the bombs that have d the most desperate criminals

ATCHES VOICE FROM THE AIR

ance of Re-Educating Unfortunates Seen in Experiment.

Wireless telephony has achieved ter wonder—made the deaf

ested by the report that a 77- old man, deaf for 30 years, had ed successfully at a friend's n, scientists have conducted a ies of experiments in the Marconi ce in London where Harry 12, deaf from birth, heard and a human voice for the time in his life.

boy was taken before a loud- ing device, over which a fox- was transmitted. He quickly the beat and to it patted his Then a receiver was placed to ear and he heard a voice. It was he could hear through one ear, the other. Two of his com- s from a deaf institution were One heard the fox-trot, the could hear nothing.

MacLeod Yearsley, famous surgeon, said the fact that heard through one ear but not through the other proved possessed some remnant of to catch sounds which the ry tuning fork experiments never have revealed.

most hopeful line of the ry," said Dr. Yearsley, "is the possibility of re-educating f to hear by means of wire- The cases of all deaf persons, e, are individual."

Yearsley is consulting Octolo- St. James infirmary, Balham, former senior surgeon to the Ear hospital.

rnegie Peace Body Buys Building

rporation of the Carnegie ment in Europe, designed hasten the abolition of inter- al war and to encourage ful settlement of international ences," was approved recently New York Supreme Court Jus- ay.

nouncement then was made the organization, with many in- ationally known figures on its of directors, had bought a ing in Paris as its headquar- and that to comply with tech- ties of the French real estate the endowment had been incor- ed to hold title to the building. 10 years the Paris offices had rented.

RY, ITCHY ECZEMA ALED RIGHT UP BY PPLYING SULPHUR

by breaking out of the skin, even itching, eczema, can be quickly ome by applying a little Men- sulphur, says a noted skin spe- Because of its germ destroy- properties, this sulphur prepara- instantly brings ease from skin tion, soothes and heals the eczе- right up and leaves the skin and smooth.

seldom fails to relieve the tor- and disfigurement. Sufferers skin trouble should get a little Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from ood druggist and use it like a cream. —Advertisement

The Powerful Katrinka

AW! MAW! SHE'S JUST GONNA PUT ME ACROSS SO I KIN BRING BACK TH' FERRY!
PUT 'IM DOWN!
?!
IN THE ABSENCE OF THE FERRYMAN, KATRINKA WANTED TO HAVE JIMMY WORTLE UNTIE THE FERRYBOAT AND BRING IT OVER TO HER, BUT JIMMY'S MA OBJECTED.

TWICE CALLED OFF, WALK AROUND WORLD ONCE MORE STARTED

E. B. Atherton, formerly of Chicago, has set out to walk around around the world. He hopes to accomplish the self-imposed task within 10 years.

For 23 years Atherton has wanted to walk around the world and the present is his third attempt. In 1900 he started from Chicago and had been on the road for 12 years when the Balkan war caused an enforced rest. He had not gone far on his second venture when the great war broke out and he joined the British army.

Atherton plans to make a complete circle of the British Isles, thence across Europe, through France, Belgium, Scandinavia, Russia and the Balkan states, through Turkey into Asia, across Persia to India, China and Japan, the East Indies to Australia, Africa, North and South America, and returning along the Mediterranean coast.

Physician Who Renounced Fame to Treat Poor Dies in Shabby Flat

Dr. Ferdinand Seegar, a distinguished physician, decorated by the czar of Russia for his skill, who renounced the splendors of office that he might minister to the East Side poor, died recently at the age of 74 in a shabby little flat in New York.

News of his death from pneumonia soon swept the East Side and scores of grateful patients, whom he had treated without charge, flocked to his four-room home to express their sympathy to his widow and daughter. Thousands followed his casket at the funeral, for his imposing figure—six feet six he stood—was ever present in times of need and sickness.

A graduate of Heidelburg and a holder of 32 diplomas, Dr. Seegar was regarded as an authority on the eye, ear and throat and wrote on many medical topics. In 1896 he was one of those who founded the Hahnemann hospital in a one-story building on East 55th street, which he furnished with beds and bedding he got from the home of his mother.

He also was a founder of the Northeastern Homeopathic dispensary, and last year, when influenza hit his neighbors hard, he rented a vacant store and opened a free clinic. At the time of his death he was a consulting physician of the Fifth avenue hospital.

A member of the American Institute of Homeophatic Physicians and an honorary member of the Medical societies in Petrograd and Paris, Dr. Seegar won his Russian decoration for treatment of a member of the nobility, rushed to this country on a war ship for treatment.

Poet's Turk Honor Is Theme for Jest

The news that Gabriele D'Annunzio has been appointed an honorary generalissimo of the Turkish army, was received in Paris without the traditional salute of 21 guns. It is believed, however, that the incident will mark a closer entente between the Latin nations and the Young Turk democracy and doubtless new volumes on the langurous love of the sloe-eyed lotus dwellers of the Levant will fall from the general's pen.

Paris journals naturally ask if Gabriele Pasha will take an active role in the campaigns against the Greeks or if it merely is a sly move on the part of Angora to increase the Italian consumption of Turkish coffee or popularize the Smyrna fig in the land of Mussolini.

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Miners Were Unable to Loaf in Workings

The German coal miners who went into the pits Jan. 22 had instructions from their union leaders to put in an eight-hour day, but to do no work. Idly some strolled about, while others enjoyed a quiet game of cards by the light of their lanterns.

About noon workers at the surface were surprised to see coal coming up. In small quantities it reached the pitheads at first, gradually increasing as the day wore on. The miners had been unable to stand idleness for more than a few hours, and had gone to work.

"What can a man do down in a coal mine except work?" asked a grizzled old veteran when taken to task by the labor leaders for failure to carry out orders.

Mine Workers' Pay Increased

Approximately 30,000 miners and other laborers employed in coal and ore mines in Alabama outside of Walker county received notice of a wage advance averaging approximately 12½ per cent, effective March 16. The increase was voluntary on the part of about 25 companies. Most of the men affected are working on a non-union basis.

General's Sword in Museum

The sword carried by General Richard Montgomery of the Continental army when he was killed in an unsuccessful assault on the defenses of Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775, was transferred to the National Museum recently in behalf of its owner, Miss Julia Barton Hunt, whose family owned Montgomery Place on the Hudson, where Montgomery's widow died.

The largest robber-crab, found in certain of the Pacific islands, starts life in the water like other crabs, but later takes to climbing cocoa palms and picking the cocoanuts for food.

LEAGUE RULINGS NOT COMPULSORY

Hughes Says Nations May Decide Stand on Court Edicts.

The non-compulsory clause of the protocol creating the court of international justice was again called to the attention of the senate last week by Secretary Hughes in a letter replying to the foreign relations committee questionnaire which was drawn up after President Harding had recommended conditional American participation in the tribunal.

To agree beforehand to compulsory jurisdiction of the court over international disputes, the secretary conceded, would be contrary to the sentiment of the senate as clearly defined on many occasions in the past. No such agreement would be necessary, however, he declared, because the League of Nations protocol creating the court gave participating nations an opportunity to elect beforehand whether they would regard decisions affecting them as compulsory in all cases.

To the committee's question as to whether the administration favored a compulsory arbitration treaty, Hughes replied, therefore, in the negative. He made a like reply to the question of whether the United States proposed by its membership in the court to "recognize as a binding obligation" that part of the Versailles treaty which sets up an international labor bureau. In response to a query as to whether other member nations had accepted the court with reservations, as the administration proposed the United States should do, he said he was "not advised that any other state has made reservations."

Hughes' letter, largely technical in character, was forwarded to Chairman Lodge of the foreign relations committee by President Harding, accompanied by a brief note of transmittal.

RUM SLEUTHS FOOL RENO SET

Caper-Cutting Pair Not There for Divorces After All, and Colony Gasps.

Reno's divorce colony was gasping last week at the discovery that two of its most recent additions, who had become quite prominent among the gayer set, were dry enforcement officers whose activities had brought about 18 arrests and the closing of a number of places where, it had been whispered, those knowing the right word could obtain liquor.

One of the agents posed as a film company director and the other appeared in the role of "representative of the steel trust."

They gained admittance to the select coterie by convincing attorneys that they sought divorces from fictitious wives in order to wed equally fictitious women, whose purported photographs and letters they displayed.

The attorneys were said to have done what they could to speed the hours for their prosperous clients while the latter established the necessary legal residence. One even was said to have introduced one of the agents to young women who enjoyed parties enlivened by beverages not compatible with the law.

Both officers, it is said, became highly popular with the feminine contingent of the colony. One received a variety of notes and a smaller, but equally interesting variety of poems from one of the prospective divorcees. These he exhibited gleefully, without, however, permitting her name to become known. There is considerable apprehension in the colony regarding subpoenas to testify.

Likens Tut's Tomb to Washington's

The motive that "leads men like Lord Carnarvon to show such utter irreverence for dead men's bones" as to invade tombs like that of King Tutenkhamen in Egypt, is deplored by Professor W. A. Hammon, dean of Cornell university. In a lecture before his class in philosophy, he said:

"The twentieth century shows too little reverence. Suppose that 3,000 years from now the Saracens will have superseded our civilization and that they break into George Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon! How would you like it if Abraham Lincoln's bones were carried off to Constantinople and placed on display in a Saracen museum? Yet that is what Lord Carnarvon is doing while the scientific world applauds."

WILL CONFER ON EDUCATION

400,000,000 Children in 50 Nations to Be Represented at Session.

A world conference of education, at which more than 400,000,000 school children will be represented, has been called by the National Educational association to be held in San Francisco and Oakland, Cal., June 28 to July 2, it was announced at a meeting of the executive committee of the department of superintendents of the association.

The session was called for the promotion of international peace and the mutual understanding of nations and peoples. Fifty nations of Europe, Asia and North and South America have assured the attendance of 1,000 delegates.

In addition 1,000 exchange professors will attend to sit with the delegates of their respective countries and to act as interpreters.

A joint world conference on child health will be held at the same time.

Tax systems were attacked by several speakers during general sessions of the department.

Robert M. Haig, professor of business organization, Columbia university, said that in New York state 30 per cent of all state and local revenues in 1920 were educational taxes and declared that "it is hopeless to depend upon the general property tax as the sole source of state and local revenue if we are to finance the program of education.

"The state of Ohio has a tax system which flatly presents to every citizen the option of being an intelligent liar or or an economic fool," he declared. "The percentage of economic fools runs very low. Moreover, most of our states are in no position to sympathize with Ohio. The condition in many of them are worse."

The Latest Markets

Million share days on the stock exchange, new high records for the year and for all time in some speculative favorites, increasing activity, confidence of pool operators, and a flood of rumors, many of them substantiated, concerning favorable dividend and merger prospects in industrials, were some of the developments of last week in Wall street.

It cannot be said that there was a great deal of news forthcoming regarding the commercial and industrial fabric of the nation, save what is perhaps the most favorable news of all, repetition of previous reports of trade expansion.

The railroad group, which had been expected to make a marked upturn as the more favorable earnings statements came out, has been hanging back, and the industrials have continued to hold the center of the stage. Some experts say that the dominance of pools in the market has resulted in the spectacular bidding up of specialties in a manner which would indicate efforts to get the public on the buying side.

On the other hand, whenever liquidation has made its appearance, the stocks have been absorbed without checking the upward movement to any great extent. Although trading has increased materially the last two or three weeks, there seems to be little evidence of an unwieldy public holding of securities.

Coppers and oil shares were the leaders during most of the week. The doubling of the Utah Copper dividend, which probably will cause some increase in the disbursements of Kennecott, holder of much of the Utah capital stock, further increase in the price of copper metal and the resumption of dividends by Anaconda were the high lights in this group and among the most important happenings of the week in financial circles.

California Petroleum and Phillips Petroleum were the leaders in the oil group, both establishing new high prices for the year. Toward the end of the week the steel issues became prominent. United States Steel once more advanced to the previous high point, and Bothlehem and Crucible were notable performers. Rails even showed signs of life.

Money rates held firm throughout the week, but the excellent statement of the federal reserve banks lead many to expect easier money in the near future. The advance of the rediscount rate by the New York Federal Reserve bank was followed by an increase in its reserve ratio to the highest point of the year.

Foreign exchange was less active, but there was noticeable strength in some foreign bonds. French Republic 7⅛s went to the highest point since the occupation of the Ruhr. From the Rhineland no news is good news, and everything now indicates that this danger spot no longer is retarding the slow but steady progress of western Europe toward a moderate degree of prosperity.

Grain

Wheat, cash, $1.35. Corn, cash, 79c. Oats, cash, 50c. Barley, cash, 70c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 85c. Clover seed, cash, $13.15; March, $13.05; Oct., $11.70. Alsike, cash, $10.50; March, $10.50. Timothy, cash, $3.30; March, $3.30.

Chicago — Wheat, May, $1.17; July, $1.13⅝; Sept., $1.11⅝. Corn, May, 74⅜c; July, 75½c; Sept., 76½c. Oats, May, 44⅝c; July, 44¾c; Sept., 42¾. Rye, May, $1⅜c; July, 80¾c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 55c; solid pack, 54c; nut margarine, 24@24½c.

Cheese — Fancy brick, 28@29c; Michigan, 30c; York state, 30c; longhorn, 31½@32c.

Eggs—Storage, 32@34c; candled, 38c; selects, 43c.

Bacon—Fat, 14½c; lean, 24½c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 20c; 8 to 10 lbs., 19c; 11 to 12 lbs., 16c; 12 to 15 lbs., 14c. Lard — 11½c. Hams—22c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 15c; luncheon, 19c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 25@27c; geese, 15@20c; turkeys, 30@35c; hens, 24@25c; Leghorn broilers, 22@25c; broilers, 24@25c; old roosters and stags, 15@18c; light hens, 20@22c.

Hides—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; bull, 7c; green calf, No. 1, 14c; No. 2, 12½c; kip, 12c; No. 2 kip, 10½c; cured hides, No. 1, 12c; No. 2, 11c; horse hides, $3.75.

Cleveland—Butter, extra in tubs, 52½@53c; 1-lb. prints, 53½@54c; extra firsts, 51½@52c; firsts, 50½@51c; packing stock, 30@32c. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 38c; extra firsts, 37c; Ohio firsts, 35c; western firsts, new cases, 33½c. Oleomargarine — Prices to retailers: Nut oleo, 20c; high grade, made of animal oil, 25@25½c; lower grades, 16@17c. Cheese—York state, 30@31c; brick, 26@27c; fancy Swiss, 30@45c; limburger, 26@28c. Poultry—Live heavy fowls, 25@27c; roosters, 16@17c; springers, fat, 25@26c; thin, 19@20c; ducks, 25c; geese, 20c; turkeys, 30c; capons, 30c. Sweet Potatoes—Delaware, 85c a hamper. Potatoes—Michigan, $1.75@2.15 a 100-pound sack; New York, $2.10@2.20 a 150-pound sack; Colorado Brown Beauties, $1.76 a 100-pound sack; Idaho russets, $2.00@2.50 a hundred weight.

Chicago—Butter higher; creamery extras, 47⅛c; standards, 47c; extra firsts, 46½@47c; firsts, 45½@46c; seconds, 43½@44½c. Eggs, lower; receipts, 24,552 cases; firsts, 31c; ordinary firsts, 28½@30c; miscellaneous, 30@30½c. Potatoes, slightly weaker; receipts, 102 cars; total United States shipments, 1,079; Wisconsin sacked round whites, 95c @1.05 cwt.; bulk, $1.00@1.10 cwt.; Idaho sacked russets, $1.50@1.70 cwt. Poultry, alive, higher; fowls, 21½c; springs, 23c; roosters, 16c.

New York—Butter, firm; receipts, 7,419; creamery extras, 92 score, 48½c; creamery firsts, 88 to 91 score, 46@48¼c. Eggs, firm; receipts, 17,703; state, nearby and nearby western hennery whites, firsts to extras, 40½@43c. Pacific coast whites, extras, unquoted; firsts to extra firsts, 40½@42c. Cheese, steady; receipts, 66,626 pounds. Live poultry, no quotations; dressed poultry, quiet; prices unchanged.

Live Stock

Cleveland—Hogs — Receipts, 5,000; heavies, $8.75; yorkers, $9.00; pigs, $7.75. Cattle, $9.50. Calves, $13.50. Lambs, $15.35.

Pittsburgh— Cattle—Receipts, 1,350; steady; steers, $9.25@9.75; heifers, $7.00@8.00; cows, $5.00@6.50. Hogs—Receipts, 8,500; higher; heavies, $8.50@8.70; heavy yorkers, $9.00@9.15; light yorkers, $8.50@9.00; pigs, $7.75@8.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,600; steady; top sheep, $9.50; top lambs, $15.60. Calves — Receipts, 800; steady; top, $13.50.

East Buffalo—Cattle — Receipts, 2,500; choice shippers, 25@35c lower; butchers, 15@25c lower; shipping steers, $8.00@9.25; butchers, $7.25@8.50; yearlings, $8.50@9.50; heifers, $5.50@8.00; cows, $2.25@6.50; bulls, $3.50@6.00; stockers and feeders, $5.50@6.50; fresh cows and springers, $35.00@110.00. Calves — Receipts, 1,800; steady, $4.00@14.50. Hogs—Receipts, 12,800; 15@30c higher; heavy, $8.65@8.85; mixed, $8.90@9.00; yorkers, $9.00; light yorkers, $8.75@9.00; pigs, $8.50@8.75; roughs, $7.00@7.25; stags, $4.50@5.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 11,000; steady; lambs, $5.00@15.75; yearlings, $8.00@14.00; wethers, $9.00@9.50; ewes, $3.00@8.00; mixed sheep, $8.00@8.50.

Indianapolis—Hogs—Receipts, 6,000; 5c to 10c higher; heavies, $8.25@8.35; light, $8.45@8.75; top prices, $8.75; pigs, 7.00@7.50. Cattle—Receipts, 900; steady; beef cows, $4.00@6.50; heifers, $4.50@8.50. Calves—Receipts, 350; steady; veals, $9.00@13.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 25; steady; sheep nominal; lambs, $10.00@13.50.

East St. Louis—U. S. Department of Agriculture—Cattle — Receipts, 3,000; steers, cows and light yearlings and heifers, steady; few steers here brought $6.90@8.15; some light yearlings, $6.50; two loads of cows, $5.40@5.85; canners steady to 10c higher, $2.90@3.00; bologna bulls, steady to strong, $4.50@5.00; bidding lower on good and choice light vealers; few at $10.25; stocker steers strong, $6.25@7.00.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Hogs—Receipts, 12,000; mostly 10c higher; bulk desirable 160 to 210-pound averages, $8.35@8.40; top, $8.45; bulk, 240 to 300-pound butchers, $8.15@8.25; few packing sows, $7.00@7.30; common to medium pigs, $6.00@7.00; estimated holdover 2,500; heavy weight hogs, $8.05@8.25; medium, $8.15@8.40; light, $8.25@8.45; light light, $7.75@8.40; packing sows, smooth, $7.15@7.50; packing sows, rough, $6.85@7.20; killing pigs, $6.00@8.00. Cattle—Receipts, 500; compared week ago: Beef steers and yearlings, weak to 25c lower; medium grade yearlings showing most decline; killing quality beef steers, mostly medium to good; numerous loads at and above $10.00; extreme top matured steers, $10.50; best yearlings in load lots, $10.00; few $10.25@10.50; better grades beef cows and medium to good beef heifers, mostly 40c to 75c lower; spots off more on medium beef heifers; canners, cutters and bologna bulls, 15@25c lower; veal calves unevenly, $1.50@2.00 lower; lower grades around steady. Week's bulk prices follow: Beef steers, $8.00@9.65; stockers and feeders, $6.25@7.75; fat she stock, $4.50@7.00; canners and cutters, $3.15@4.15; veal calves, $9.50@10.50. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000; market for the week: Fat wooled lambs mostly steady; some weakness at close; week's top, $15.50; bulk offerings, weighty; sheep steady to strong; best handy weight wooled yearlings, $13.25; choice light ewes, $8.75; shearers free buyers. Bulk follows: Fat wooled lambs, $14.50@15.25; clipped lambs, $12.00@12.50; yearlings, $12.50@13.25; wethers, $8.50@9.00; ewes, $6.50@8.50; feeding and shearing lambs, $14.60@15.35.

Will Put Religion Under Microscope

Grace Protestant Episcopal church in Brooklyn Heights has decided to install within its portals a laboratory of religious research. The purpose, as described by wardens and vestrymen, is to demonstrate.

"That religion is capable of scientific analysis, precise thought and mathematical definition.

"That the teachings of Jesus Christ agree and are parallel with the laws of cause and effect underlying the creation."

Strad Loses Honor to Modern Violin

Another tradition was tumbled last week with the announcement that a critical audience, which heard a Stradivarius and a modern English-made violin played from behind a screen, had found the modern instrument possessed the best tunal qualities.

Notwithstanding this result there was no rush to sales rooms and second hand shops of owners of old Italian-made fiddles anxious to unload their holdings in fear of a declining market. The fact is that old masters was defeated by a not overwhelming majority.

W. W. Corbett, the English music patron, sponsored the competition and Albert Hammons was the soloist. The result was not considered decisive but was counted upon to give a fillip to the present-day fiddle-making craft.

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FOSSILIZED SKULL, PROBABLY OLDEST HUMAN RELIC, FOUND

Anthropologists said that a fossilized human skull believed to be of the Tertiary period, discovery of which was announced in dispatches from Buenos Aires, may be the oldest human relic ever unearthed.

If the skull is proved authentic, Dr. Franz Boas, Columbia university anthropologist, and world famous scientist, said it is even older, possibly by 500,000 years, than the skull of an erect man-ape found in Java 29 years ago. It may even prove, he said, to be the skull of one of earth's first men.

"This discovery, which seems almost too marvelous to be true," Dr. Boas said, "will throw light on this hitherto unknown period. Scientists have merely speculated on the possible existence of man in the Tertiary period, although traces pointing to the existence of a manlike animal have been found."

He explained that it was in the tertiary period that the earth assumed its present geographical form.

"The earliest man, scientists have found, dates back to before the Glacial periods," Dr. Boas continued. If it is definitely established that man existed in the Tertiary period it will upset all accepted scientific views regarding the American continents and the antiquity of man."

Discovery of the full sized human skull apparently was announced by Dr. J. G. Wolf, who had just returned to Buenos Aires after two years of exploration in Patagonia on behalf of La Plata Museum.

Dr. Wolf said that the fossilization was that of tertiary sandstone, adding there was no doubt that it was formerly the skull of a human being and not an accidental formation.

The lower jaw is missing, the dispatch received said, but otherwise the skull is almost perfect. The eyesockets and, what is still more convincing, the sockets of the teeth in the upper jaw are clearly defined. The cranium is long and oval, and the forehead extremely low and sloping.

Dr. Wolf, formerly attached to the division on anthropology of the Canadian Geological Survey, found the skull in the possession of a white settler on the Andean slope, who picked it up some years ago and did not realize its scientific value. He left the skull with the finder and submitted data on the fossil to La Plata Museum for such action as it cares to take to obtain it.

The scientist also announced the discovery of ruins of an ancient fortified town in the heretofore unexplored region north of Lake Cardiel, in the territory of Santa Cruz, which he believes to be remnants of a civilization probably earlier than that of the Peruvian Incas.

Sections of walls 45 feet high, built of blocks each of sheet cubic feet cut out of basalt, are still standing. The walls extend 150 yards between hills which serve as buttresses. Within are the ruins of habitations.

The walls contained arches, indicating that their builders had reached a comparatively high state of civilization. They also bore inscriptions differing from the Aztec, Inca or the Chibcha carvings in Colombia.

2,000 Years Old.

He noted one carving of an animal resembling the extinct glyptodon and roughly estimated the age of the ruins at from 2,000 to 3,000 years.

There have been other evidences of an ancient civilization in Patagonia, but this is said to be the first discovery of actual ruins.

Dr. Wolf plans to return to Patagonia next month to search for the "enchanted city" of Patagonia Indian mythology, supposed to be situated in the Andes and to which the Indians refer as the home of the Sun God.

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SALESMEN, great opportunity for pushers to make big money selling oils and greases on liberal commission and bonus. Unlimited prospects for men who know how. Old company. Quality products. Attractive prices. Square deal. Write today to Dept. A-13 Manufacturers Oil & Grease Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Fertile Virginia Farms on Chesapeake & Ohio Railway

For illustrated booklet of fine Virginia Farms (small and large) with improvements as low as $20 per acre, where climate and markets are ideal, also attractive colonization and timber tracts, write K. T. Crawley, Manager Land Department, Room 215, Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, Richmond, Va.

MISCELLANEOUS FARMS FOR SALE

$1,500 Gets 162-Acre Farm, Horses, 17 Cows and

Calves, 7 yearlings, poultry, full implements, seed included; in one of country's best dairy-general farming sections; high school village, depot, advantages handy; city markets; 100 acres tillage, 30-cow spring-watered pasture, wood woodlot; variety fruit; easily kept 9-room house, running water, 24-cow barn, stable, etc. Your chance to get good home and a money-maker; owner unable to operate. $4,000 takes all, only $1,500 needed. Details page 48 new Illus. Catalog Bargains 33 states. Copy free. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 1503 Nassau St., New York City.

Nightie Sells for $200 Because Queen Wore It Many Years Ago

If the shades of departed royalty are cognizant of happenings on this mundane sphere, it would be interesting to know just what Queen Victoria thought of the sale by auction recently of one of her nightgowns, says Victoria's biographer, Lytton Strachey (who, by the way, has not been knighted for his work). Her late Majesty was rather a dour dame, parsimonious to a degree, who throughout a long life kept a tight hold on all her belongings, even to obsolete wearing apparel.

The auction was for the benefit of a Brighton hospital, and the late queen's nightie brought $200.

Another link with Queen Victoria and with the early days of the circus has been severed with the death of Madame Saroni, at the age of 91. She had been connected with the sawdust ring for fully 75 years, and it was only at the beginning of this year that she retired. Madame Saroni could do anything and everything in the circus, and when she became too old for tight-rope walking and bare-back riding, she acted as wardrobe mistress.

Her resemblance in later years to Queen Victoria was remarkable and when she and her husband, the musical clown, once appeared at a command performance at Windsor castle, the likeness caused some slight embarrassment. The Duke of Connaught was so interested in the resemblance that he asked for her to be presented to him. A woman of remarkable energy and force of character, she was a Cockney born, and in private life was Mrs. Rosina Short.

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Stowaway Lovers Will Be Deported

Fritz Roemmling and Catherine Plugger, sweetheart stowaways who arrived from Germany on the steamer Mount Clinton, were ordered deported.

Roemmling, attired as a seaman, walked casually aboard the vessel before she left Hamburg and stowed away in the hold. Miss Plugger said she followed him, via the anchor chain which she climbed hand over hand.

Berlin Commuters Tax Railway Lines

The suburban steam railroad system of Berlin now carries about 2,000,000 persons daily. In spite of a two-minute headway in rush hours, the congesting is very heavy, and growing worse. Electrification is recommended as a part solution, and may be undertaken.

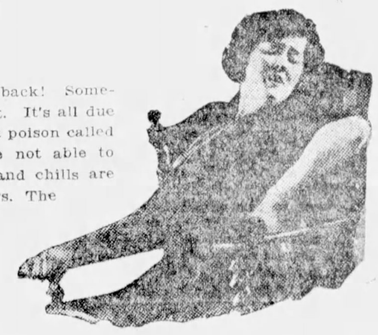
In 1913 the system carried 281,000,000 passengers, in 1922 the number was more than 700,000,000.

Dairymen Present Cow to Bronx Zoo

Until last week the Bronx zoo has had almost every kind of animal on exhibition but a cow. Then, however, the Dairymen's league figured out that a large percentage of the children in New York never had seen the source of their milk, so they presented Dairylea, a Holstein, to the menagerie.

Oh! My! Such Pain!

Right across the small of the back or over the Kidneys!



It takes you right in the back! Sometimes in the arm, hip or foot. It's all due to an over-abundance of that poison called uric acid. The kidneys are not able to get rid of it. Grip, colds, and chills are mighty hard on the kidneys. The blood is filled with poison and the kidneys break down. Such conditions you can readily overcome, and prolong life by taking the advice of Doctor Pierce, which is, "keep the kidneys in good order." Avoid too much meat, alcohol or tea. Drink plenty of pure water, preferably hot water, before meals, and drive the uric acid out of the system by taking "Anuric", (anti-uric-acid). This can be obtained at any drug store, in tablet form.

Ask for Dr. Pierce's An-uric (kidney and backache remedy),

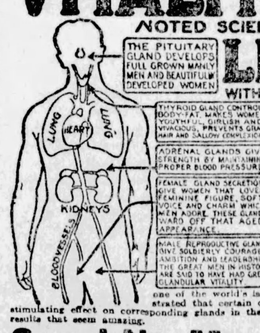
Folks everywhere endorse it.

Delphos, Ohio—"I had doctored a good deal for ten years. I often took different kinds of medicine for kidney or bladder trouble, but I never got any better. Sometimes I would be disturbed three or four times at night, never any pain, just uneasiness. I also had a soreness in my back and an awful weak back. I sent for a trial of Dr. Pierce's Anuric (Kidney and Backache) Tablets and felt better from the first, so I went to the drug store and got a full size pakcage and never had any more trouble. After that I can say 'Anuric' is just as represented."—Mrs. C. L. Cramer, Route 1.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of Anuric. Write Dr. Pierce for free medical advice.

VITALITY AND THE GLANDS

NOTED SCIENTIST SAYS ONE COULD LIVE FOREVER WITH A PERFECTLY BALANCED GLANDULAR SYSTEM


THE PITUITARY GLAND DEVELOPS FULL GROWN MANLY MEN AND BEAUTIFUL DEVELOPED WOMEN
THYROID GLAND CONTROLS BODY AT LARGE MAKES YOUTHFUL, GRILLISH AND ATTRACTIVE PHYSIQUE, HAIR AND SALLOW COMPLEXION
ADRENAL GLANDS GIVE STRENGTH BY MAINTAINING PROPER BLOOD PRESSURE
FEMALE GLAND SECRETIONS GIVE WOMEN THAT LOVELY FEMININE FIGURE, SOFT VOICE AND CHARM WHICH MEN ADORE. THESE GLANDS GIVE OFF THAT AGED APPEARANCE
MALE REPRODUCTIVE GLANDS GIVE SOLIDERLY COURAGE, AMBITION AND LEADERSHIP THE GREAT MEN IN HISTORY ARE SAID TO HAVE HAD GREAT GLANDULAR VITALITY
LONG
HEART
KIDNEYS
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Scientists agree that the secret of Health, Womanly Grace and Beauty, Manly Strength and Youthful Vigor lies in the internal secretory glands and by stimulating these glands to normal activity, many abnormal conditions such as Sallow Complexion, Weakness, Nervous Debility, Premature Grey, Tired, Worn Out Feeling, Poor Memory, Loss of Hair, Loss of Weight, Pains in Back and Sides, Chronic Headaches, Scrawny Neck, Undeveloped Organs, Restlessness at Night, Melancholia, Despondency and other symptoms have disappeared. Don't suffer from any of the above another day until you try our latest scientific glandular treatment—Glandol.

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TRIAL OF REDS WILL DISCLOSE RUSSIAN PLOTS

Country Will Be Startled by Evidence in Trial of Michigan Communists, Is Promise.

When William Z. Foster, first of the Communist Party of America, goes on trial at St. Joseph, Mich., March 12, for alleged violation of the criminal syndicalism law of the state, the prosecution is prepared to show that the convention of the reds held at Bridgeman in August, 1922, was financed by the party now in control of Russia.

Some of the charges to be made at the trial are:

That instructions for conducting a reign of terror in America came direct from Russia, bearing the seal and signatures of high officials of the Russian government; that $26,000 was provided for the convention and that persons high in political affairs of the United States are in a measure involved; that Berrien county is being flooded with propaganda, vast sums of money being used in the defense of the communists, and that even a former sheriff of Berrien county served as confidential informant for defense attorneys.

To Startle Public.

Deputy Attorney General Smith, who will act for the state with Berrien county officials in prosecuting the cases, said that the revelations to be made at the trial will startle the public.

Recently it was learned that a large number of those who made their escape from the convention at the time it was raided, fled to Russia or Germany.

To get needed information in the fight to convict members of the Communist party, almost every large city in this section, including Chicago and Cleveland, were visited.

Officials who have been preparing the case are astounded at the extensiveness of the movement. Instructions as to how to incite strikes and riots were received direct from Russia, bearing the seal of the officials of the Communist party of Moscow and signed by N. Bucharin, K. Radek and O. W. Kuussinen, all said to be high in soviet government circles.

Stick to Foreigners.

In spreading the communist's propaganda, Russian instructions advised the workers in America to confine their efforts to foreign speaking groups in cities and industrial centers. They were told to be active in every strike called. The delegates were told that the United States was to be forced into another war, and that when the war came, communists would have workers practically in control of the food and fuel supplies of the nation as well as in factories that might produce munitions.

Then, it is alleged, a strike was to be called, completely demoralizing the government, giving the communists an opportunity to seize it and force on the United States a reign similar to that which has prevailed in the last four years in Russia. Copies of a speech alleged to have been delivered by Foster before the convention at Bridgeman is in the hands of the government, it is said.

Work Underground.

Russians advised the American communists to work underground, covering their tracks in every conceivable way.

Under the guise of holding a convention of a literary society, the state is prepared to show that the communists went to a little Summer resort west of Bridgeman in the hills near Lake Michigan and conducted their convention for four days. They were so careful that their papers and documents were kept hidden in buried barrels. The discovery of the hiding place gave to the state an unlimited supply of important evidence to be used against them at the trial.

Treasure in Old Slipper

Mrs. Miriam Levine found a $10 bill hidden in the toe of each of a pair of second-hand slippers she bought from a New York dealer. Her neighbors soon heard the news and in six hours the dealer sold 220 more pairs at prices ranging from $1.75 to $6.50. At last reports no further hidden treasure had been found, but the dealer is happy.

DRINK WATER WHEN KIDNEYS HURT YOU

Take Glass of Salts if Your Back Aches or Bladder Troubles You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of soft water. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

—Advertisement.

Girl Driver Places in Dog Derby

"Whistling Lyd" Hutchison, plucky girl driver, finished fifth in the 1923 American Dog Derby run in Idaho. She is the same girl who last year carried "Smoky" Gaston's colors to a spectacular finish with her own when Gaston was put out of the race by injuries.

Gaston, winner of the derby this year, made the 25 miles over snowy mountain trails in two hours, nine minutes and 38 seconds, clipping 26 minutes off the 1922 mark.

15-CENTURY-OLD BONES DUG UP

Believed Those of Primitive Men; Relics Show Strange Customs.

The pre-historic Indians of the Ozark mountains of Missouri probably were just learning to use bow and arrows when they disappeared from the region, M. Raymond Harrington of the Hye Foundation, New York, asserts. Harrington is head of an expedition which has just unearthed skeletons near Noel, Mo., of primitive men believed to have lived 10 or 15 centuries ago and to be a type of Indian found nowhere else in America.

Osage Indians inhabited the Ozarks in historic times, the archaeologists declare, but the men who came before them used much cruder weapons and implements. It is apparent, the scientists assert, that this newly discovered type of Indian killed his game in a different fashion and made such clothing as he wore in an indifferent way.

Used Spear Throwers.

Evidences that these pre-historic men used spear throwers and spears have been discovered by the excavators. The thrower was a short stick with a hook at one end and a piece of rock near the other driven through the side of the stick, so that it projected an inch or so on either side. The butt of the spear was placed against the hook end and with the index and middle fingers holding the projecting stone, on either side, the spear was hurled great distances, it is believed.

Members of the expedition have found that these early Indians of the Ozarks frequently wrapped the bodies of their dead in mats that had required weeks, if not months, to make before cremation, which was not uncommon custom.

Cremated Dead.

A body which was cremated, the workers, found, had been clothed in three different types of grass mats, each of a distinctly different weave, indicating they may have been made by Indians of three tribes.

The pre-historic men of the Ozarks, the excavations indicate, lived in homes under the lime cliffs and rock formations. They did not live high on the face of the cliffs, as did the cliff dwellers of Arizona.

Ace Asks Control of German Planes

Captain Rene Fonck, the greatest French ace and now deputy from Vosges has taken active leadership in the movement to urge the French government to assume absolute control over German aviation as well as the industries of the Ruhr.

Captain Fonck has been agitating for several months for a closer scrutiny of the German civilian air forces which is under the supervision of the allied commission of control in Berlin. German aviation technically has conformed to the aviation disarmament program imposed by the allies but has continued vast experimentation on new planes, more or less unchecked by outsiders. Captain Fonck makes the charge that the Germans have escaped allied control by moving their factories to Russia where they not only are constructing planes by the hundreds for the Red army but also are rebuilding practically plane for plane every one destroyed in Germany.

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20-Year-Old Fever Germ

That he had traced an outbreak of scarlet fever to a book used 20 years ago by a fever patient and never again used by the family was stated by a medical officer on Belchamp, Essex, England.

LADY ASTOR IS RAPPING BOOZE

Former Virginian Making Appeal for Volunteers in Local Option Fight.

Some holders of high rank in the British army and navy, both active and retired and other titled individuals who happen to be interested in distilleries and breweries, are wondering just who Lady Astor meant when she let go with her first heavy oratorical volley marking a change of tactics in her anti-alcohol crusade.

Hitherto Lady Nancy has been very general in her tactful attempts to chase Britons away from the rum jug and beer keg, but in her Bristol speech she got dangerously near personalities.

"I don't like people who represent the drink trade to be posing as admirals, generals, commanders, captains and the like," said the legislator from Virginia. "England is supposed to be the cradle of liberty. All I can say is, the brewers are rocking the cradle. I like people who come out into the open."

Lady Astor assured her hearers that she was not out for the American brand of prohibition. "All we ask is to give the people a chance of voting on what they want to have," meaning local option.

Volunteers to aid the campaign would be welcomed by Lady Astor apparently, for she sounded a plaintive note when she said: "It is not an easy task for a woman to tackle the question and to have the calumniation of the most highly organized and unscrupulous trade in the world."

The Astor prohibition machinery recently was potentially strengthened by Colonel John Jacob Astor's acquisition of an important interest in her husband's weekly newspaper, the Observer.

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SOCIALIST PARTY SPLITS ON RUHR

All Factions, However, Want Negotiations as Soon as Possible.

A sharp controversy is raging in the Socialist party over its policy toward the Ruhr negotiations.

All elements are united on the demand that Germany seize the first opportunity for negotiating, but are not insisting as Chancellor Cuno proposes, on a preliminary evacuation of the Ruhr. Direct parleys with France and Belgium are not barred by the moderate wing in which are probably a majority of the Socialist members of the reichstag who would let matters take their course until Premier Poincare is ready to listen to reason. They are not embarrassing the government, meanwhile, with any wearing-down policy.

Want Cuno Out.

The radicals, however, demand an active campaign to bring about negotiation by overthrowing the Cuno administration and installing a government prepared to treat with M. Poincare. The struggle was brought into the open at Berlin in a district party convention.

A member of the reichstag, representing the Socialist national committee, discouraged attempts to overthrow Cuno, whose government, they charge, represents the capitalist interests which must pay the reckoning. A resolution linking the desire for early negotiations with the condition that the settlement should free the Ruhr workmen from militarism, was proposed.

Resolution Attacked.

The radicals, led by Herr Crispien, former president of the absorbed Radical Socialist party, attacked the resolution and fought hard for an open war against Cuno.

They demanded that the party start the struggle by voting to reject the ministry of defense budget on the ground that it was actively supporting the reactionary defense organizations. The resolution to reject the army estimates was carried, but the vote on the main issue was postponed until Sunday.

In any event the Socialists are preparing to demand the head of General von Seeckt, commanding the army, because he promoted relations between the army and the defense organizations.

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FRED STONE RECONVERTED; TO AID CHURCH

Noted Comedian, Storm-Bound, Turns to Religion; Occupies Pulpit.

Lured back to religion as he sat idle in a sleeping car stalled in a snow storm in the Dakotas, Fred Stone, comedian, one of the gayest lights ever to illuminate Broadway, has dedicated the rest of his life to Christ and a tenth of his large income to the church.

Though not devoutly religious, Stone always has been regarded as a man devoted to his family, and his reconversion—he was baptized many years ago—didn't surprise the white light district.

The strangeness of the incident, as reported from Butte, Mont., lies in the manner of its occurrence. Stone, in a telegraphed statement to the New York World, said:

"What you read in the Butte Miner is true. I am not looking for publicity. It is a simple and natural thing, much too sacred to be used as copy."

It seems that Stone acted on his resolve when he dropped off at Billings, Mont., and bought a Bible. After reading it and praying, he was ready, when Butte was reached, to go to Rev. Cecil Clifford, drop on his knees to pray again and take some spiritual advice.

The next day—Sunday—he appeared in the pulpit and told his life's story to an astonished congregation.

His income is estimated at $125,000 annually. He has large realty holdings, including a 20-story building here, and a large farm and Long Island country house. He and his company now are in Seattle.

"I am now determined to live a Christian life," Mr. Stone is quoted by Rev. Mr. Clifford as telling him. "I mean to be true to this decision to the end of the trail."

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NEWS FROM RUHR

"A serious situation exists in the Ruhr," the German government last week formally notified the world powers.

Germany attributed the growing tension and seriousness of the Ruhr situation to "French plundering and threats."

German officials said they feared widespread violence would break out and wanted to warn the powers in advance.

Ingenious tricks to camouflage wire tapping, night raids and other schemes designed to deceive "the enemy," have been resorted to by one side or the other in the Ruhr struggle, recalling the experiences of the World war.

A serious case of wire tapping was reported with the arrest of Brigadier General Koch of the security police in Essen. The French authorities accuse the general of having arranged "listening in" apparatuses which connected up with the military lines. Offenses of that kind are classified under espionage and the punishment is death. Koch will be tried by court martial.

Employes of the Krupp works, formerly the greatest manufacturer of war materials in the world, were pledged not to yield to the French at a "secret jubilee." Four women were present, including Frau Krupp-Bohlen, whose family established the plant.

French soldiers reoccupied Gelsenkirchen on March 2. It is the German industrial town recently fined 100,000,000 marks by the French. The municipal authorities refused to pay and the French seized the town, but later evacuated.

All the German police at Gelsenkirchen were arrested by the French and removed from the town.

Essen experienced the wildest night on March 3 since the occupation and in the early morning hours the next day the food stores were looted and others broken into by armed mobs, said to be composed of the unemployed.

One of the largest cabarets, the Trocader, was held up and several hundred patrons were robbed of all their cash.

This robbery was carried out by 15 or 20 men, whom the Germans declared were communists who had taken advantage of the expulsion of the security police which force had not yet been adequately replaced by municipal police.

Essen is virtually without police protection at present and many of the citizens in fear of further robberies or violence by bands in the streets, are arming themselves as best they can for their own protection.

The French advanced on March 3 on a 50-mile front in Rhenish Bavaria, Baden and Hesse, occupying additional German cities of great strategic importance.

French soldiers entered the great inland port and railway city of Mannheim. There were about 500 French infantrymen and cavalrymen supported with machine gun platoons, tanks and armored cars.

The question of collecting the 40 per cent tax on Ruhr coal came up last week by announcement of General Degoutt that refusal to meet this obligation would make offenders liable to trial by court martial and would result in seizure of coal at the mines.

OLD TIMERS QUIT CONGRESS TO AWAIT THE "SUNSET" AT HOME

"Uncle Joe" Cannon is going home.

And so is John Sharp Williams.

Of course, there are 100 other members of dying congress, who will not be in the next, most of them having been defeated for re-election, but these two veteran legislators, one of the house and the other of the senate, will attract more attention in their voluntary leave-taking from the Capitol than all the others put together. They are going home to await the "sunset."

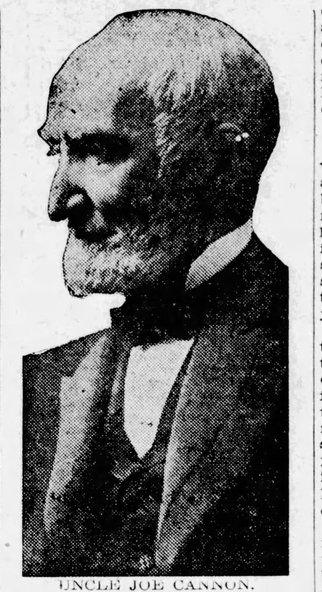
Songs of the mocking birds, the fragrance of the magnolia trees, his books, dinner in the middle of the day and supper at night are luring Senator John Sharp Williams back to his plantation near Yazoo City, Miss., after 30 years in congress, while the rolling prairie of Southern Illinois, a 30-room house in Danville, and the "boys" of Abraham Lincoln's time are beckoning to "Uncle Joe," who first came to congress a half century ago.

The Illinois legislator, who in the stormy days of his speakership in the house, was branded a tyrant, a czar, and was accused of nepotism, but who is now looked upon as a kindly, warm-hearted man, from whom his colleagues dislike to part, carries the reputation of having served longer as a member of the American congress than any other man in history.

Elected 50 Years Ago.

Joseph Gurney Cannon came to the house 50 years ago, and with the exception of two terms he has been there ever since. Twice ha was overcome by Democratic landslides, but each time he came back two years later. Now he quits after 46 years of actual service. Senator Justin Smith Morrill of Vermont, who died a quarter of a century ago, approached nearest to Mr. Cannon in length of service. His time in the senate and house aggregated 43 years, nine months and 25 days.

On Dec. 29, 1920, "Uncle Joe"



UNCLE JOE CANNON.

beat that record by one day and the house celebrated with speeches and tributes to the Illinoisan. General Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio, who was in the house when "Uncle Joe" arrived nearly half a century before, but who has not been in congress so many years, referred to his colleague as a mere boy, but "Uncle Joe" said that when he was elected to congress in 1872, "Nick" Longworth at the age of 3 was showing interest in his first pants.

"The year 1872," said Mr. Cannon, "was a memorable one in many respects. Vesuvius had a violent eruption that year and General Sherwood and I were elected to the house. There were other happenings—the organization of the German empire and the French republic, the emancipation of slaves in Porto Rico, the connection of Australia with the rest of the world by cable, the great Boston fire and the Geneva award of the Alabama claims."

Worn Out in Service.

The tempestuous years through which Cannon lived in congress, the active part he played in the many bitter parliamentary fights, and his nearly 87 years of life are enfeebling him perceptibly, and his vision is so greatly impaired that he can scarcely see to read even with the strongest glasses, but he keeps active, attends formal dinners and enjoys himself with his old friends.

The intense enmity resulting from the fights in the house of representatives to strip him of his powers in organizing that body and in expediting action through "steam roller" tactics, which resulted in him defying the house to remove him as speaker, have mellowed with the years. There is no one now to speak ill of him, and his friends are glad he has lived long enough to see this change.

"In the fulness of time," Mr. Cannon used to say in his speeches to the house, "the pendulum will swing back." And it has. Other Cannonesque sayings, which always will live, are:

"A majority can do anything.

"Nearly all legislation is the result of compromise.

"In the last analysis sound judgemnt will prevail.

"In legislating we all do a lot of 'swapping tobacco across the lines.'

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear and you can't change human nature from intelligent self-interest to pure idealism—not in this life; and if you could, what would be left for paradise?"

Walking up and down the aisles of the house when he spoke, "Uncle Joe" invariably shook his left hand and waved his left arm. When he was a youngster as a legislator, he asked "Sunset" Cox of New York to yield to him on one occasion.

"I'll do it as long as the gentleman from Illinois keeps his left hand in his pocket," said "Sunset" Cannon started to speak warmed up a bit pulled out his left hand and waved it high above his head.

"Time's up," shouted Cox, and Cannon took his seat amid loud laughter and applause from the galleries as well as the floor.

Many farewell dinners have been given to "Uncle Joe," but Senator John Sharp Williams ran away from his. The only farewell dinner he attended was one given by Philip Roche, an Irishman, born in County Tipperary, who has idolized John Sharp for 30 years—he is a door tender now at the Capitol.

He has a modest home, and when he invited Senator Williams and some of his closest friends there, he helped to wait on table.

When John Sharp Williams slipped quietly out of Washington a day or two before this congress closed, it was Philip Roche who stood on the station platform with tears streaming down his cheeks. No swan song was sung by the southern orator. He did not wait for any tribute to be paid by his colleagues. The closest he came to a farewell was a few weeks ago when he said: "I won't be here to bother you much longer, and, God knows, I won't let you bother me."

Back to the Farm.

Alice M. Robertson of Oklahoma, the first woman who ever presided over a session of the house of representatives, closed her congressional career with a sigh of relief. Miss Robertson is in her 69th year.

"I want to go home as soon as possible," Miss Robertson said.

"I am going back to my old arm chair, in the garden where the flowers will be blooming, to listen to the mocking birds and at dusk, out over the wide prairie to watch the twinkling lights in the southwestern oil fields—just to rest and think, for the twilight of life is a time for reverie and remembrance."

STONE TO LEAD OTHERS TO FOLD

Comedian Will Carry On His Stage Work for Glory of God.

Fred Stone, comedian, whose recent conversion to Christianity has attracted considerable attention, issued a statement recently declaring he intended to do more hereafter toward inducing others to lead a Christian life.

Stone's statement was in reply, he said, to a rising flood of communications received by him.

He said in part:

"I am more than surprised that a man who has tried all along to lead a Christian life and probably has succeeded should be the center of so much comment simply because it had occurred to him one day to make a statement—which unintentionally has become so public—that from now on he intended to do just a little more toward convincing others that it was the right and proper thing to do.

"For it seems the simple and natural thing to me that one whose life has been as blessed as mine has been to turn to the Supreme Being who has made this possible.

"I have dreamed of the time when the stage and pulpit would work hand in hand for the good of all the world and I hope this day has arrived.

"I am, and always will be, proud of my profession.

"My labors in the theater will be carried on just as before. I will give my best as always to my audience, but with an added inspiration, for I will do all I do for the glory of God.

"If my experience helps others to gain a happier, healthier view of life, and if I can, in my humble way, be the means of advancing the faith I have so sincerely adopted, I shall feel that I have been rewarded far beyond my deserts."

SHOWS WELSH MAIN STREET IN NEW PLAY

Playwright Depicts Sordid Provincialism and Riot Is Almost Provoked.

The dullness of life in a Welsh village has provided the Welsh playwright, Carado Evans, with a theme for a satirical comedy, the first performance of which almost caused a riot and won for the author credit from the critics for having penned a stage version of "Welsh Main Street."

Vocal duelling between Welshman and Cockney elements in the theater threatened for a time a recurrence of such scenes as marked the first night of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" in Dublin years ago.

The new comedy, entitled "Taffy," which in itself is a jab at Welsh susceptibilities, paints a sordid, ugly picture of provincial Wales, making the Non-Conformists hypocrtical petty thieves, their heaven a tin tabernacle, their religion a sordid superstition and their god a frock-coated being who preaches every Sunday in Welsh to such of the elect as by self-seeking can squeeze inside the door.

The hero's assertion that "the name of God is ever on a Welshman's lips, yet he only prays heartily before performing a sin" brought the tumult to its crescendo.

The author's appearance brought the cry: "Who won the war?" from a Cockney in the gallery.

"Lloyd George," was the chorused response of the Welsh below.

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2,500 Hawaiians Dope Addicts

Approximately 2,500 persons in the Hawaiian Islands are drug addicts, an estimate by H. H. Wouters, head of the federal narcotic division for the territory shows. The majority of these are users of opium, due to the large Oriental population, he said. He estimated the daily consumption of opium is 100 tins.

DENTIST SCRUBS SOVIET THEATER

American's Estate Seized When Czar of Russia Is Deposed.

From Hammond, St. Lawrence county, New York, to Moscow, Russia, and from personal dentist to the late Grand Duke Michael to scrubman in a Communist theater, is the plight of J. William Lambie, native of Hammond.

The dentist's sister, Mrs. S. Carola McLennan of Syracuse, is moving through the state department for the return of Dr. Lambie to the United States. Losing his passport, his only proof of American citizenship, Dr. Lambie was imprisoned in a Russian jail.

Cut off from communication with relatives here, news of Dr. Lambie's fate eventually reached the Syracuse sister through Frederick C. Keyes, Elyria, O., who escaped from Russia after the soviet assumed control.

Dr. Lambie was graduated from the dental school at the University of Pennsylvania 33 years ago. Soon after graduation he left for a vacation in Europe. Reaching Moscow he saw professional opportunity promising there, remained and married. He amassed a fortune.

As personal dentist to the grand duke his future, financially and otherwise, apparently was assured. Then came the war and finally the downfall of Russia's imperial government. The soviet government moved swiftly. The American dentistist's fortune, his home and his offices were confiscated.

Then finally his citizenship papers disappeared. The Communists threw the dentist and his wife into jail. After his release, with his health shattered and his funds gone, he was forced to accept work as a scrubman.

Modest Hero Grabs Child From Death

Norfolk, Va., was searching last week for a real hero, who, at the risk of apparently certain death, whisked a child from the path of a speeding freight train and then disappeared without revealing his identity.

Nine-year-old Paul Fulcher was dragging his little red wagon home, filled with groceries for his mother. He walked in front of a train and stood petrified with fear.

Bystanders turned away in horror—all save one. He leaped between the tracks and jumped to safety with the child in his arms, as the train roared by.

"Who are you?" cried the crowd in admiration.

"Only a man," the stranger replied as he turned on his heel and departed.

Gliders Expected to Free Humans

Gliding promises to free us of earthly limitations and to make the dreams of youth come true, in the opinion of the Duke of Sutherland, under secretary to the air ministry.

"I can foresee the day," he said in an address recently, "when each of us will be moving to and fro through the air, from place to place, by means of small gliders, exactly as people use bicycles today. We shall leap scornfully over valleys and forests, cities and lakes. Housewives will do their shopping and week-ending by glider, and we shall arrive at last at the era of real flying."

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GLADIOLUS BULB FREE, Wonderful kind, will bloom in pot in house or garden, also Color Book 75 Named Gladioli for 4c postage. Marvelous Colors. Full growing instructions. Colonial Gardens, Orlando, Florida

Mother-To-Be, Read This—

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers. When the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says: "With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used Mother's Friend and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I wasn't very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes."

Note: Write for valuable free illustrated book, "Motherhood and the Baby," containing important authoritative information which every expectant mother should have, and all about "Mother's Friend," to Bradfield Regulator Company, BA-23, Atlanta, Ga. "Mother's Friend is sold by druggists everywhere.

—Advertisement.

Live Glossy Hair

Follows use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. On retiring rub Cuticura Ointment into the scalp, especially spots of dandruff and itching. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Dept. 23T, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

MAIDS MAY BE SAILORS NO

British Board of Trade Rules Fair Sex Allowed to Go to Sea.

"Yo ho, and a powder puff"

"Ship ahoy, is our hair straight?"

Such marine expressions as these soon may be heard on the rolling ocean waves, replacing the old salty language that the sea has known since time immemorial, all because of a ruling of the British board of trade that sex is no bar to the granting of certificates as masters, mates or engineers in the mercantile marine.

There will be no "royal road" for women sailors, however. They must sail before the mast and serve an apprenticeship.

One old salt at the Thames heard the news of the board of trade decision, puffed his pipe and muttered: "Aye, and it'll be lace curtains on me dungarees next."

Will Davy Jones' locker be a hope chest or a wardrobe in a hundred years hence?

Asthma

After suffering the tortures of Asthma and Hay Fever for many years, I discovered a harmless remedy that gives instant relief. 40,000 druggists now sell and endorse Kinsman's Asthma Remedy. Price 25 cents. A trial treatment and 1000 references (former sufferers) from every State in Union mailed free. Write to

Dr. F. G. Kinsman, 20 Hunt Bld., Augusta, Mich.

CRUEL PILE

Dr. Van Vleck Found Genuine Relief Which Is Healing Thousands.

Send Postal for Dollar Trial Package

To anyone suffering from Piles who will make this unlimited offer: Send us your address and we will return mail bring you a regular Dollar Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Combination Treatment for Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, and we will send it in plain wrapper. —TO TRY FREE. Dr. Van Vleck is an ex-surgeon of the U. S. army, and for forty years has been successfully treating this now world famous Prescription Method. No knife, no operation, no doctor bills—just a simple home treatment that can be tried by anyone **without cost.** Then, after it has relieved you and if you are fully satisfied with the relief and comfort it gives you, you send us One Dollar. If not, it **costs you nothing.** You decide and **you are your word.** We don't know how we could show more unbounded faith in our remedy. It is relieving sufferers at every stage and condition of Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, even after a whole lifetimes of misery. We have received hundreds of letters telling of the success of this remarkable, effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The worst cases are **often controlled in a single day.** Won't you try it at our expense? Address Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. WH-10, Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Send today.

—Advertisement.

Cured Her Rheumatism

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. E. Hurst, who lives at 1208 Olive St., C-455, Bloomington, Ill., is so thankful at having cured herself that out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just how to get rid of their torture by a simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely cut out this notice, mail it to her with your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

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